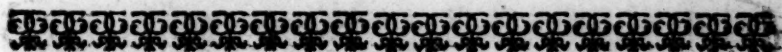


## Advertisement.

**T**HIS facetious Work made its first Appearance at *Berlin*, in the Year 1746, where the Author had taken Refuge; being threaten'd with a Prosecution for the Freedom of his Writings.









PHILOSOPHICAL  
VISIONS.

By the AUTHOR of the  
JEWISH LETTERS.

---

*Calumniari si quis autem voluerit,*

\* \* \* \* \*

*Fictis Jocari, nos meminerit fabulis.*

PHÆD. Fab. Lib. I. Prol.





# PHILOSOPHICAL VISIONS. *K*

---

Translated from the FRENCH.

---

*The Poet's Eye in a fine Phrenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from Heav'n to Earth, from Earth to  
Heav'n;  
And as IMAGINATION bodies forth,  
The Forms of Things unknown; the Poet's Pen  
Turns them to Shape, and gives to airy Nothing  
A local Habitation, and a Name.*

SHAKESPEARE.

---

*The Fear of offending Fools, has made many Men  
of Understanding unhappy; and the Ambition of  
Applause, has made many great Men commit great  
Errors. Vision X.*

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. GRIFFITHS at the *Dunciad*, and  
T. FIELD at the *Wheat-Sheaf*, in *Pater-noster-*  
*Row*. MDCCLVII.

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HE  
necessary all Apologies for

introducing to the World any Product  
mode of the modern world is every  
thing that is new and useful.

of the modern world is every  
thing that is new and useful.

may be found in the works  
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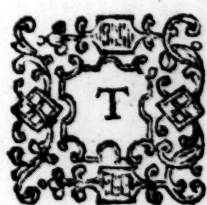
the Freedom of thought which reigns  
in them, it is necessary to say that it  
was for the sake of the more refined  
and

1832  
22 JY 63





## P R E F A C E.



THE *Jewish Letters* are a Work so well known and esteem'd, as to render unnecessary all Apologies for introducing to the World any Productions of that Author: But as every Man thinks himself, how ever indifferently qualify'd, a competent Judge of the Merit of any Author, whose Works he glances over; and as there may be some Passages in this, which will admit of Censure, on Account of the Freedom of Thought which reigns in them; it is necessary to say, that it was for the Sake of the more refin'd

and sensible Parts of this Work, that the Translator thought it worth cloathing in an *English* Habit. We would have been glad to have palliated some Passages which too strongly favour'd of *Libertinism*; but the Author has so blended his Moralities with the Sallies of a sprightly, uncontrol'd Imagination; that, to have alter'd the Frame of his Work, would have intirely destroy'd the whole Fabric. His Arguments are so strong, his Conclusions so natural and true, and his Way of reasoning on the most abstruse Subjects so delicate, yet so clear; that they must, at once, charm and surprise the Reader.

How ever obvious to Censure the Laws of his *Apelanders* may appear, on a cursory View; I believe the impartial Reader, divested of all Prejudices, will acknowledge, that they are such, as would neither tend to debase the Morals, or prejudice the common

Wel-

Welfare, of Society. And tho', perhaps, there may be nothing new in the Tenets of our Author; we hope the Reader will be much delighted with his Manner of expressing, and the Form of his introducing them.

The Characters of different Nations, in the Second Vision, are an Honour to the Writer, for his judicious Censure and Impartiality. Indeed, throughout this, and all his Works, he manifests a thorough Knowledge of human Nature: And those who have not the Opportunities of Travel, and Advantages of extensive Education, cannot do better than to supply those Deficiencies by improving on the Experience of other Men. Books may be compar'd to Mirrors; which are less valuable, the more they flatter; but, when they reflect Things as they really are, cannot be priz'd too much.

Though our Author speaks, in general, pretty freely on religious Occasions; he is the less culpable, in that Freedom, as his Ridicule chiefly turns on Subjects and Disputes, whose pernicious Consequences have been very fatal to Mankind; amongst which, none can be more flagrant than the Controversies \* at which he has pointed his sharpest Malignity; since they have really so obscur'd the Truth, by their pretended Illustrations of it, as to render the Whole, in some measure, dubious. It is amazing to think, how cruelly the most simple and conspicuous Doctrines have been disfigur'd by the different Contortions of every Commentator, who was determin'd to make the most obvious Truths subservient to the Motives of Avarice or Ambition: Nor has Revenge wanted its Share in these Commotions. If it is said, how-

\* In the Fourth, Sixth, and Eighth Visions.



ever, that too free and unbounded a Censure, on such Subjects, may tend to inspire weak Minds with a Disrespect for all, because some Theologians have propagated their Tenets, by such Means, and from such Motives, as deserve not only the Censure, but Contempt of Mankind; and that such Examples should be studiously conceal'd from People of inferior Understanding: I answer, that weak Minds will neither relish, nor comprehend our Author's Meaning; and that Men of Penetration, Judgment, and Experience, for whom, chiefly, this Book is intended, will run no Hazard of being corrupted by a Sentiment whose Force they so well know how to obviate. Nor can the Motives, whatever Good they may have been productive of, that are built on such Foundations, and supported by such Cruelty, be the more exempt from Censure. For it is absurd to say, that Murder, tho' committed to promote

Religion, can be acceptable to the great, the good Creator. And as our Author is not himself a Protestant, it is not to be wonder'd that he should so freely condemn the Principles and Conduct of the first Promoters of the Reformation: He has not, however, been partial, or injudicious, in his Censures, which are founded on Truth, and equally levell'd at every Sect.

If our Author is any-where justly to blame, it is in treating so weighty a Matter, as the Creation of human Souls, in so ludicrous a Light: Yet, even here, if there are Circumstances which may be said to prove the Degeneracy of his Principles, there are others which demonstrate as much the contrary: And, indeed, the Phrase is, almost every-where, so equivocal, that it is difficult to draw from it, any determinate Conclusion. A Moralist, who ridicules and laughs at the Follies of  
Man-

Mankind, will make a much earlier and deeper Impression on the Minds of his Readers, than he who only inculcates dry Precepts: For the Mind is soon weary of whatever seems to immerse it in a Chain of serious, melancholy Reflections: But the Ideas excited by Pleasantry, and good Humour, as being more agreeable; are likewise more permanent. And there cannot be a more delicate Burlesque, or more poignant Satire, on the Imperfections of human Nature, than the Proportion of Folly which *Momus* mingles with the Works of *Apollo*. There is nothing more true, than that the greatest Geniuses have, at Times, been guilty of the greatest Absurdities. Let the learned, the eloquent, the ingenious Man, read this, and be vain of his Talents.

The Freedom with which he censures the Foibles of his Countrymen,

and the Defects of that Profession he was educated in; are further Proofs of his Judgment and Impartiality. There can be nothing superior to the Contempt with which he treats their idle Controversies, and almost as idle Philosophy. His Idea of their blowing Bubbles in Soap Suds, is parallel to (perhaps borrow'd from) the Figure Mr. *Pope* introduc'd in his Frontispiece to the *Essay on Man*; who is seated by the Side of a Fountain, and employ'd in the same Amusement: But the Folly of those whom, he says, endeavour'd to restore the lost Bubble which had expir'd from the End of the Quill, and form'd again a Drop of Water, from that very Drop; is not only highly satirical, but most admirably picturesque, and inspires us with a just Contempt for the Systems of superficial Philosophy. The Manners of his Countrymen have been no less the Subject of his Raillery and Satire. It is impossible to say any Thing more severe of



a People, than that, amongst them, *the most rigid Virtue is in Danger of falling a Sacrifice to a vicious Gaiety.*

I wish I could say, for the Sake of my own Country, that his Satire on the *Libertines* were not as judicious: But we shall find, on considering that his Characters of Nations are drawn from the Gross, his Assertions are generally well founded, and as well supported.

However common many of our Author's Allegories may be; such as the *jealous Eagles*, the *Oak and the Satires*, the *Theatre*, and others of the same Class; the Reader will, nevertheless, find in them a Sprightliness of Imagination, and a Turn of Wit both new and entertaining. In the latter he has apply'd his Fable differently from any who have before made Use of the same Allegory. It is a Lesson  
for

for all Ranks of People, couch'd in an Application to the most elevated. The Satire on the Restraint, under which the People of Genius of his Nation are oblig'd to smother their Sentiments, is as bold, as sensible; and it is happy for our Author, that he was remov'd from the Power of those ignorant, superstitious *Monks* and *Censors*, whose Conduct and Principles he so freely condemns, when he publish'd such sarcastic Reflections. His Hint at the *Bastile*, which he very expressively and justly represents by the Chest in which the offending *Genii* are imprison'd; strikes with Horror, and makes us congratulate his Escape from so barbarous a Jeopardy. For, indeed, the Freedom of many of his earlier Writings had given him Reason to expect so distinguish'd a Reward.

The Fifteenth Vision being merely relative to the Innovations which have  
been

been made by their modern Writers on the Purity of the *French* Language, I at first thought to have omitted; because the Beauties of it can only be really tasted by those who are perfect Masters of that Tongue, for whose Use I have inserted all the Extracts introduc'd by our Author in the Thread of his Discourse. For on re-perusing it with somewhat more Attention, I found, that there were many Passages which a judicious Reader, tho' intirely unacquainted with the *French*, might apply, with equal Propriety; to some late Writers of our own Nation; and, consequently, draw much Amusement, if not some Instruction, therefrom. I determin'd, therefore, not to do so much Injustice to my Author, as to suppress a Discourse in which he had display'd all the Wit, Humour, and Judgment, of the most sprightly, penetrating Imagination: A Discourse in  
which

which his Satire is equally forcible, and unbounded; and which, tho' apply'd to particular Writers, is applicable to all. The bombast Verses I have endeavour'd to render into as bombast *English*; and that the Spirit, nor Meaning of my Author might not be lost, or misunderstood, have subjoin'd the Original, by way of Note. Indeed this Conduct was necessary to excuse the Introduction of such paltry Fustian. It must be own'd, that our Author has a peculiar Delicacy in his keenest Satires, which demonstrates equally the humane and rigid Critic; of this Disposition, his Characters of *La Mothe* and *Fontenelle* are sufficient Proofs: And we find him, on every Occasion, as ready to applaud Merit, as to censure Folly: Which convinces us, that he is, at once, the fine Scholar, and the true Critic. He has no Envy, no Pedantry, no Pride, no boasted Superiority;



urity; nor, indeed, any of the too common Appendages of a superficial Education.

His Journey over *Parnassus* is also both humorous, and fatirical; and his Description of its present Inhabitants shews us, that, among other Studies, he has not neglected to peruse, with Attention, the great Book of Nature. But nothing can surpass the Group of Figures which he has assembled as Candidates for *Fame*. The mistaken Notions of Mankind, who overlook their real in search of imaginary Good; are finely burlesqu'd, in every Character of this *motley Crew*. How justly is the Woman of Quality contrasted by the Citizen's Wife! the Lady Abbess by the Opera Singer! In the former we see the same Principles actuating a Mind of the same Stamp, tho' cover'd with an Artifice abstracted, and imbib'd from the Manners of those, with whom  
she

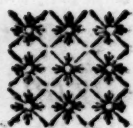
she had been most conversant; as appear more flagrantly, and with less Art, in the uneducated, undisguis'd Sentiments of the Stage Heroine. The Courtier is as humorously, and as judiciously contrasted by the Hackney Coachman: Each builds his Pretensions on the Oppression of others; and would have acted as similarly, had the Courtier been the Coachman, and the Driver of Cattle been preferr'd to be the Leader of Men.—I must not wholly forget the Divine: Our Author's Sentiments are too noble, in this Part, to be neglected; and too conspicuously concise, to admit of expatiating on them. It is sufficient to warn the Reader, that he may find something in this Character worthy his Consideration. The Reader of Genius will also as much admire the Reflection with which this Reverie is concluded.

The Twentieth Vision is a Fund of Erudition display'd on an inexhaustible Subject:

Subject: 'Tis a Medley of Philosophy, History, and Criticism. With what infinite Art he overthrows all the Systems of vague Philosophy! How trite, yet how conclusive, are his Arguments! But I must suppose, that my Reader has not yet read them; therefore let me not anticipate his Satisfaction. The *Predestinarians* are highly burlesqu'd and satiriz'd, without a particular Application, by the invisible Ink of the *Destinies*. And the Doctrine of *Purgatory*, with all the Artifices of Priestcraft, on that Occasion, are humourously ridicul'd, and expos'd, by the Answer of *Mercury* to the *Laconic* Question of our Author, concerning the last Attribute of his Office. In short, he every-where manifests his Learning and Experience, his Sagacity and Observation. His Reflections are, at once, striking, agreeable, and concise; his Satire just, and his Panegyric, allowing for the Patriotism and Gratitude of a good

good Heart, always well plac'd. But I will not intrude on the Reader's Patience, or triumph over his Judgment, any longer ; but refer him to the Book : In the reading of which, I hope he will enjoy the same Satisfaction as myself. But if this is not the Case, and any are inclin'd to \* *censure* or *calumniate* these airy Visions ; *be it remember'd, that we only amuse ourselves with feign'd Fables.*

\* The Author's Motto.




22 JY 63


C O N-





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E R R A T A.

PAGE 2. Lines 21. and 22. *for was, read is. Ibid.*  
l. 23. *f. had, r. have.* P. 4. l. 24. *f. nto, r. into.*  
P. 36. l. 19. *f. Bactade, r. Bactole.* P. 60. l. 20. *f. is,*  
*r. was.* P. 71. l. 4. *f. i, r. in.* P. 147. l. *ult. f. n,*  
*r. in.* P. 211. l. 12. *f. returns, r. return.*





PHILOSOPHICAL  
VISIONS.

INTRODUCTION.

SEVERAL Authors have  
publish'd their Dreams for  
real Truths, and would im-  
pose their Chimæras, the  
Sport of Fancy, upon the World as  
something very material: As to me, I  
publish mine for what they really are;  
nothing but Dreams. I enjoy the Hap-  
piness of having a Soul intirely different  
from those, which Mr. *Locke* affirms to  
be *incapable of Sensation while the Body*  
a rests

## xxvi INTRODUCTION.

*rests in Sleep.* For my Part, I have no extensive Ideas when I am awake, but am rather in a kind of *Lethargy*; whereas my Sleep is one continu'd Scene of something new, agreeable, and particular. When I am awake, my Understanding is confin'd, and inactive; enjoying only the Benefit of recollecting what pass'd in my Dreams; and, even in this, my Memory is so weak, as scarce to remember, for two Hours, the most material Passages. This Defect has oblig'd me, as soon as awake, immediately to commit to Paper whatever Scenes my Fancy has exhibited to me. Such as they are, I present them to the Public; not in the least doubting, that they will be well receiv'd; and meet with Esteem, from many in *Europe*, who *never dream*.

22 JY 63





# PHILOSOPHICAL VISIONS.



## VISION I.

**I** Had no sooner clos'd my Eyes,  
than I thought myself in an un-  
known Country, situated near  
the South Pole, and inhabited  
only by *Apes* ; who were govern'd by near-  
ly the same Manners and Customs that are  
proper to Mankind ; but what much sur-  
pris'd me, I found that they enjoy'd the  
Gift of Speech. When I had been there a  
short Time, one of them accosted me with  
great Politeness ; “ Sir,” said he, “ I per-  
ceive that you are a Stranger, and, by  
“ your Appearance, I judge that you

B

“ come

“ come from the Continent ; if I can be  
 “ of any Service to you, you need only  
 “ speak : I love to oblige Men of Worth,  
 “ especially Strangers.” I answer’d him  
 in Terms, expressing my Sense of his polite  
 and affable Behaviour ; adding that his Of-  
 fer was very acceptable to me. He replied  
 in a Manner the most agreeable and enga-  
 ging ; in short, I began to love him, and  
 he, in Return, profess’d the sincerest Friend-  
 ship for me : Our Hearts were united by a  
 natural Sympathy and reciprocal Esteem,  
 without which, no true Friendship can  
 subsist.

After having spent some Days with my  
 new Friend, I carefully instructed myself  
 in the Manners and Customs of his Na-  
 tion ; they appear’d, to me, to be found-  
 ed upon the most solid Principles of Rea-  
 son. *Apeland* (for that was the Name of  
 the Country) was a Republic, where the  
 Power was equally divided betwixt the  
 People and the Senate ; they had a Gover-  
 nor, whose extensive Authority preserves  
 an exact Equilibrium between the two  
 Ranks. When the Senate usurp too  
 great a Power over the People, or attempt  
 to



to encroach on their Privileges, and reduce them to Slavery, he defends them, and confines the Ambition of the Senators in its proper Chancel ; or, when the People attempt to encroach on the Power of the Senate, he sustains the Senators, and supports their Dignity.

The Governor is elected by the joint Consent and Approbation of the Senate and People, so that he is equally indebted for his Power to both, and, of Consequence, less likely to be partial to either ; he must be fifty Years of Age before he is chosen, and of a most unblemish'd Character ; they intirely exclude from the Government, all those, who, in their Youth, abandon'd themselves to the vicious Pursuits of *Gaming, Drinking, or Lust* ; the *Apes* being persuaded that we have a Relish for all those Vices, so long as we live, that engross'd our youthful Days. They, indeed, allow that at a certain Age the Passions grow feeble, not extinct ; but as those *Volcano's* that only emit Flames by Intervals, can sometimes destroy a whole Country, so the Predominance of any reigning Passion in an old Man, is a Fire

in the Ashes, the Strength of which is almost spent, but wants only fresh Supplies to burn out with more Violence. My Friend told me, that the History of their Country furnish'd many Examples to corroborate this Opinion. He mention'd the debauch'd Life of *Sepagini* the Senator, who, notwithstanding a pretended Devotion, and the Dignity of his Station, died in the Arms of a common Strumpet. He likewise told me of an Officer who quitted the Service to retire into the Country, and turn Devotee, yet after he had liv'd thus upwards of twenty Years, was but little reform'd, for he was seldom sober, and never came out of the Temple without swearing.

A Governor must, by the most prudent and wise Conduct in his Youth, acquire a Right to rule in a more advanc'd Age. When he attains the Age of Sixty-five, he is oblig'd to divest himself of his Authority, for the *Apelanders* maintain, that Life should be divided into three distinct Terms, the first is that in which they ought to instruct and improve themselves, and this they extend to the Age of Fifty: The Second

cond in which they are suppos'd capable of governing their Country, and is limited (as before mention'd) to Sixty-five: The Third and Last, they pass in a tranquil Retirement, wholly disengag'd from the Management of public or private Business.

Thus as soon as an *Ape* has reach'd his thirteenth *Lustrum* (*a*) he is oblig'd to divest himself of all his public Employments, and to that End they have establish'd a Law, which they call, the *Law of Indulgence*, ordain'd solely for the Honour and Respect due to Age. In it they have forbid the old *Apes* to intermeddle in any Affairs of Consequence; lest, by a Judgment and Opinion impair'd by Years, advanced on Occasions of Emergency; they should fall into Contempt; as Youth are but too apt to ridicule the Imperfections of Age.

They have another Law, which they call *the fundamental Law*, by which it is ordain'd, *that Children should shew a filial Duty and Respect to their Parents*; and to

(*a*) Among the *Romans*, a Period of five Years.

the Fathers it recommended *the strongest Friendship, and fatherly Love, for their Children.* This Law, couch'd in such plain Terms, at first appear'd but frivolous; but the nervous and laconic Explanation that follow'd it, shew'd its Excellence. By the Respect due from the Son, they did not mean a servile Complaisance, but such as is due from one *free* Man to another. The *Apelanders* making it an establish'd Maxim, that Children are not so much oblig'd to their Parents for bringing them into the World, as they are for their Care in giving them a good Education, and treating them with Tenderness. As to their Birth, they alleg'd, that it was the Work of Chance, produc'd by Pleasure; but that Education, though the Duty of the Parent, and enforc'd by Reason, was a painful and laborious Task. They affirm, that paternal Affection consists not in Words, but Actions. A Father, under the specious Pretence of amassing a Fortune for his Children, should not expose them to Poverty, during his Life-time: He should share his Income with them, and supply them,  
chear-



cheerfully, with every Necessary; refusing them only what is superfluous. As soon as a Female *Ape* is of Age to marry, paternal Fondness should not be a Plea for Avarice: The Father should pay her Dowry; nor let the pretended Concern, of parting with his Daughter, furnish him with an Excuse for refusing her an Husband. In short, the Love of Parents should be judg'd by the Favours conferr'd on their Children; and the Respect of Children, by their tender Acknowledgment, and grateful Behaviour, to their Parents.

Their Laws, relating to Marriage, have a Mixture of the *Christian* and *Turkish* Institution. They say, that Marriage was originally ordain'd solely to make an *Ape* happy; by uniting him to a Female he lik'd, and who might bless him with a numerous Progeny; but if that Union was productive of Consequences contrary to what was at first intended, such as, supposing the Female to be barren, or of a Character or Disposition inconsistent with that of her Husband, they could not be parted too soon; since the wise Le-

gillators had only pass'd this Law for the Happiness of their Republic; and not to invent new Punishments, as the Ills they were by Nature subject to, were already too many. One Day my Friend, discoursing on this Topic, said to me; "By parting two, who do not love each other, we make four Persons happy. The *Ape* marries again a Female he loves better than the former; and, by that Means, two are made happy: The separated Female, likewise, espouses a Male more to her Liking; and they are contented. Thus, by a prudent Separation, we not only prevent the Misery of two, but we likewise make four Persons happy. And what is the Consequence? The Country is better peopled; there is a happier Union (I may say perfect Harmony) in Families; because the Male, who dreads the Loss of his Mate, is always fond, and always agreeable: And the Female, to preserve his Affection, will ever study to please him."

The *Apelanders* have no *Priests* amongst them, tho' they have several Temples, in which

which they hang up many Pictures. They say, that Painting instructs those who are illiterate; and affirm, that the main Utility of that Art is to perpetuate the Remembrance of virtuous Actions, which are useful and instructive to Society.

They say, that whoever is *virtuous*, is the *Priest of Truth*; that is to say, of the Supreme Being, who is Truth itself. They could not comprehend, as my Friend afterwards assur'd me, that on the Continent there should be an *ecclesiastical State*, which was, within itself, both *civil* and *military*. But he could not, for a long Time, recover his Astonishment, when I inform'd him, that, in some Countries, they rais'd Recruits for *Priests*, as well as for Soldiers; that there were Houses appropriated to their Maintenance, in which they liv'd, in a perfect State of Idleness, two-thirds of their Life-time; useless and burdensome to the Government, and almost always endeavouring to raise Comotions, with a View of aggrandizing themselves. "You are very simple," said my Friend, "not to know that he  
" who is most virtuous, is the best qua-

“ lify’d to offer to the Deity the Prayers  
“ of the People. Does it require much  
“ Wisdom to say, *Almighty GOD, BEING*  
“ *of BEINGS, Author and Preserver of all*  
“ *Nature, grant us Virtue, and whatsoever*  
“ *else thou see’st necessary?* We never  
“ make any other Prayer; and what  
“ Necessity is there for studying, Year  
“ after Year, when our own Hearts and  
“ Understandings will dictate what is  
“ proper to say.

“ The Exhortations we have, in our  
“ Temples, to excite us to virtuous and  
“ good Actions, are plain Discourses,  
“ such as the Master of a Family would  
“ deliver to his Children and Dependants.  
“ The first *Ape* who has an Inclination to  
“ speak, speaks; and the others are at-  
“ tentive; nay, more, they follow his  
“ Advice; because none but those who  
“ are wise and prudent dare to speak in  
“ the Presence of such an Assembly:  
“ For Modesty and Wisdom are (or  
“ ought to be) the Companions of Age.

“ As to our Religion, and its Pre-  
“ cepts,” continu’d he, “ they are con-  
“ tain’d in three Pages of Writing; and  
“ are



“ are so very plain and distinct, that no  
“ one has ever taken it in their Heads to  
“ confuse them with Explanations. Our  
“ Lawgivers always spoke to be under-  
“ stood: They have neither Paradox,  
“ Metaphor, figurative Sense, nor my-  
“ sterious Expressions, in their Writings;  
“ all is clear, simple, and natural. We  
“ should burn any one who would at-  
“ tempt, by his unnecessary Comments,  
“ to disguise the Truth. Our Law di-  
“ rects us to love our fellow Citizens,  
“ and to do as we would be done by:  
“ That is enough; we do our Duty.  
“ We do not dispute about the Form;  
“ but we do, implicitly, as we are di-  
“ rected.”

As I was admiring the good Sense of  
the *Apelanders*, I suddenly awoke; and  
am convinced, that, in this World, true  
Wisdom is but a Dream.



## VISION II.

THE sensible Discourse of my Friend made so deep an Impression on me, that, contrary to my usual Defect, I remember'd, with Pleasure, every Circumstance of our Conference; and ruminated all Day, with a secret Satisfaction, on what had pass'd in my former Dream: I was, therefore, no sooner laid down to Rest, than Sleep again restor'd me to his Company and Conversation.

“ I am resolv'd,” says he, “ to take a  
 “ Trip to the Continent, to instruct my-  
 “ self thoroughly in the Manners and  
 “ Customs of the Inhabitants of that  
 “ Climate; and do not doubt of your  
 “ Inclination to bear me Company.” I  
 freely accepted his Offer; and we immediately departed from *Apeland*.

After a long Voyage, our Vessel arriv'd at a Country call'd *Ursimania*. The People, who inhabit it, have Breasts like  
*Bears;*

*Bears*; and Physicians have affirm'd, that the Inside perfectly corresponds with the outward Appearance; which gives them a Disposition naturally rude and unpolish'd.

One of their Sovereigns(*a*), a Man of superior Understanding, but, at the same Time, whimsical, resolving to change the Manners and Customs of his Subjects, order'd them to be close shav'd; hoping, that, when the Ruggedness of that Part of the Skin was worn off, their savage Disposition would be likewise soften'd; and, by Degrees, wholly subdu'd. There were, however, an infinite Number who would sooner die than sacrifice their Hair to his Ambition; so that the Prince was often in Danger, on account of this Innovation: But he, with great Fortitude, maintain'd his Resolution; and the Hair was, accordingly, shav'd. When he had gain'd so material a Point against his prejudiced Subjects, he sent some of the first Rank into foreign Countries, in Hopes that the Change of Air, join'd with the

(*a*) *Peter the Great.* }

salutary Advice of Physicians, they might meet with in their Travels, would, in Time, totally eradicate all that yet remain'd of their native Brutality. This Expedient succeeded so well, that, in a few Years, when they return'd from their Travels, the *Urfimanian* Courtiers were much improv'd; and bore but little Resemblance to their fellow Subjects.

Since the Death of that great Prince, the Nobility have taken Care to prevent the Growth of the obnoxious Fur; but the common People seem to have more of it than ever: For, about two Years after the Death of their Sovereign, they made most of the Surgeons and Barbers quit the Kingdom, who had been invited and encourag'd by that Monarch to come there in his Life-time; that his Subjects might have equal Advantages of being well shav'd, and having depilatory Compositions, to prevent the Growth of Hair in their own, as they met with in foreign Countries.

The *Apelander* having presum'd publicly to censure this Conduct, with too much Freedom; they resented it so highly, that



that they were on the Point of inflicting on him, a Punishment equal to the Crime of condemning or ridiculing the Follies of the Great; which, among these People, is commonly thus: A Musician plays a Solo, on the Soles of the Criminal's Feet, with two little Sticks; and the Tune lasts till the Cuticle is rais'd in a Blister. Sometimes a Surgeon, with an Instrument somewhat like a Whip, applies fifty or sixty Lashes across the Shoulders; of which they soon cure the Patient, by conducting him to the frozen Sea, and clapping to the Wounds a large Plaister of Ice.

My Friend, inform'd by some charitable Person, of the Favour intended him, begg'd of me to quit the Kingdom; which we did accordingly; and, in a few Days, arriv'd in a Country where the People seem'd much more civiliz'd and affable than those we had left. We were, nevertheless, greatly embarrass'd; our Money was short, and our precipitate Retreat prevented us from taking the necessary Measures to procure Supplies. We could not submit to ask Alms; therefore, being much distress'd, chose to follow the same  
Pro-

Profession that most of those, who inhabited this Country, liv'd by. They were call'd *Fuzilleers*. As for my own Part, I found, that my Want of Understanding, and the Weakness of my Brain, would prevent my embracing this Opportunity of learning their Art; which consisted in turning, with Ease and Dexterity, to the Right, then to the Left, then to the Right again, on one Heel, like a Whirligig; and holding a long *Pop-gun* on their Shoulders. As soon as my fellow Traveller was enroll'd in his new Profession, they bound up his Legs with two Pieces of white Linen, and cut his Cloaths, at least, two-thirds shorter; reducing his Breeches to so strait a Compass, that he could hardly stoop; and then they began to exercise him. They made him wheel to the Right, then to the Left; and when his Motion was either too quick, or too slow, they pinch'd him in the Breech, the Pain whereof caus'd such Grimaces, as usually set all his Comrades a laughing; who, in their Turn, were also corrected by a Stroke of a Cane across their Shoulders; Gravity and Silence being one of the principal

cipal Injunctions in the Exercise of the *Pop-gun*.

The *Fuzileers*, finding that the *Ape* could never learn this Trade, gave him his Discharge: We were therefore oblig'd to continue our Rout, and, some Days after, arriv'd in a Country where the People almost stifled us with Caresses and Embraces. We thought ourselves, now, very fortunate; but, in a little Time, were convinced, that we had been too hasty, in forming a Judgment of them, from their flattering Address. The Kingdom we were now in, was that of the *Changeables*: These People are descended (by an incestuous Love) from the *Genii Fire*, and the Goddess of *Levity*. They seldom remain two Days in the same Opinion; in other Respects, they are polite, agreeable, and sprightly; but these Qualities only serve to make their Friends uneasy, at the little Use they make of their Understanding; and with the Possession of such fine Talents might make them more solid and rational: For their Enemies frequently take Advantage of this Inconstancy of Temper, to expose them to Ridicule. Du-

ring the first five Days, that we were amongst these People, we were oblig'd to alter the Fashion of our Dress, six different Times. One Day, in particular, when we imagin'd ourselves equip'd intirely in Taste, we were much surpris'd to find, by Five o'Clock in the Evening, that we were regarded as a Couple of Antiques, and, of Consequence, the rest of the Day expos'd to the Laughter of every Company we were in; for they, in general, love Raillery to Excess: And tho' they behave with the utmost Politeness to Strangers, they (thro' their Love of, and Propensity to, this vain Foible) take all Opportunities to ridicule them. They look upon themselves as superior to the rest of the World, and imagine Wit to be their Appenage only; totally excluding every other Nation. This Way of Thinking disgusted my Friend. " These People," said he, " are an hundred Times greater *Monkeys* than those of a little Island, near *Apeland*, where we send all our Countrymen who are disorder'd in their Intellects." They jump, they gambol, whistle, and talk, all in a Breath.

They



They are agreeable, it is true; but they are pernicious: Extravagancies of a facetious, engaging Nature, are infinitely more dangerous than those that have a more serious Turn. “ Let us fly, my “ dear Friend,” said the *Ape*, “ let us fly “ from a Country where Inconstancy is, “ among high and low, an universal Pas- “ sion; where Folly has Graces even to “ seduce Wisdom; and where the most “ rigid Virtue is in Danger of falling a “ Sacrifice to a vicious Gaiety.”

I consented to his Request; and from thence we went to the Kingdom of *Liber- tines*. The Name perfectly agrees with the Constitution of the People who inhabit it: They passionately love Liberty; but they carry that Regard to such a Degree of Extravagance, that, in order to be *free*, they are *Slaves* to the *Fear of Subjection*. In short, their *Liberty* very often better deserves the Title of *Liber- tinism*. Many of them write, without any Respect, against their Sovereign: They believe they preserve the Deference due to their Prince, if they personally attack *only* his Ministry, whom they often treat with  
the

the most cruel Contempt; believing so insolent a Conduct absolutely necessary, and essential to the Liberty of their Country: Nay, to that extravagant Pitch has this unrestrain'd, ungovernable Passion hurry'd them, that they have massacred each other in their Civil Wars, which have been very frequent amongst them. One Brother murders another; while a Father, perhaps, is plunging a Dagger in the Bosom of his Son. Hence, there are few Families amongst them, of whom some have not been hang'd, or beheaded. They have naturally Judgment and Penetration; they love the Study of Arts and Sciences, and encourage Philosophy; which, however, only serves to improve their Understanding, not to reform their Manners: For as they are naturally self-sufficient, their Learning produces but very little Effect on their Hearts and Minds, which are, in general, too vain to be susceptible of *good* Impressions. They not only despise Strangers, but even hate them; generous and compassionate to those who really are Objects, but jealous of any Thing that may reflect upon their Honour;

Honour ; and yet, what is a seeming Contradiction, they have no Idea of Hospitality ; at least it appears, by their Conduct, that they have none. They delight in shedding human Blood ; and, for their Amusement, encourage Gladiators : Are wise enough to tolerate the Practice of different Religions, though they hate those who differ from their establish'd Opinion : And what even exceeds Credit, is, that the major Part of them do not believe, that what they profess, is better, or more conformable to Truth, than what they hate in the Profession of others. In short, the *Libertines*, consider'd in one Respect, are a People to be esteem'd above any in the Universe ; but, in another, are to be regarded as the most senseless and unhappy.

“ Let us go,” said my Friend, to me,  
“ from amongst a Nation whose Conduct  
“ gives us Room to doubt, whether we  
“ should most esteem for their Perfec-  
“ tions, or despise them for their Foi-  
“ bles.”

I follow'd the Advice of my Friend ;  
and, after a short Voyage, travelling over  
a vast

a vast Extent of Ground, and many (almost impassable) Mountains, we arriv'd in *Popeland*. Some Days after our Arrival, I thought I should have lost my Companion. One Evening, as he was returning Home, he was attack'd by three Bravoes; who, mistaking him for a *French Gentleman* who had an Intrigue with the Mistress of a *Canon*, wounded him dangerously. Some Soldiers, who were patrolling at no great Distance, running to his Assistance, put the Bravoes to Flight. I cannot express how much I was concern'd for my Comrade; who, though his Wounds were not mortal, was oblig'd to keep his Chamber. When he was on the Point of going Abroad, an ugly, disagreeable Accident happen'd to him. A young Child, with Tears in its Eyes, came in; and, falling at his Feet, besought his Protection against the Cruelty of two Men who pursu'd him, with Razors in their Hands. My brave Friend engag'd to defend it, against any Attempts; and, when the *Russians* enter'd the Room, ask'd them, sternly, what Violence they wanted to do to the Child. " We have  
" our



“our Reasons,” says one; “what we do,  
“is for his Good.” They then inform’d  
him, that they were going to perform a  
certain Operation on the Boy. “There  
“is a Vacancy,” continu’d he who first  
spoke, “in the Chapel of the *High-Priest*  
“of *Popeland*; and he should not lose  
“the Opportunity.” The *Ape*, equally  
exasperated against such Brutes, as against  
a Prince, who, to gratify an idle Passion,  
should rob a Man of his Right to protract  
his Generation, express’d himself with the  
utmost Indignation against so vile and  
cruel a Custom; and, immediately pass-  
ing from Expression to Action, leap’d  
upon them, and would have torn them to  
Pieces, if they had not precipitantly re-  
tir’d.

“Let us immediately,” said he, “my  
“dear Friend, quit a Country where the  
“Perpetration of the greatest Crimes is  
“authoris’d by Custom, and the Consent  
“of the Sovereign; where the Inhabit-  
“ants pay so little Regard to their own  
“Likeness, as for the Sake of tickling  
“their Ears with melodious Sounds, to-  
“tally to deprive themselves of that  
“which

24. *Philosophical Visions.*

“ which secures a Succession. For ever  
 “ let that Nation be accurs’d, that, to  
 “ support their Amusements, pursue such  
 “ Methods as must, in the End, extir-  
 “ pate Society.”

We left *Popeland*, and arriv’d among  
 the *Yellowheads*. These People are haughty,  
 of few Words, slothful, superstitious to  
 Excess, but brave, faithful to their King,  
 zealous for the Honour of their Country;  
 Slaves to Women, and yet their Tyrants.  
 My Friend lik’d the Humour of them  
 much. He said, that a Man, haughty  
 and reserv’d, was more to be esteem’d,  
 than one who was proud, and always  
 talking of himself. Thus he excus’d their  
 Pride, on account of their Reservedness  
 and Silence. As to their Sloth, he said,  
 it did not affect Strangers; it was only  
 prejudicial to themselves. He approv’d,  
 equally, the Respect they have for Wo-  
 men; and the Means they took to secure  
 their Fidelity: He thought it the greatest  
 Proof of their Understanding, to keep  
 within the proper Bounds of Respect, to  
 a Sex they so passionately lov’d; and that  
 it requir’d a great Fund of Experience,  
 and

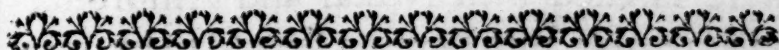
and good Sense, to keep that to one's self, to which a whole Nation were attracted by so violent an Inclination. As to their Superstition, he said it was what all Creatures were naturally inclin'd to; that tho' we should praise and admire those who have it not, we should not condemn and despise, but rather pity, those who have submitted to the YOAK. However, he had not long given his Opinion, in so favourable a Manner, before he had the greatest Reason to think otherwise. One Day, while we were in the Street, waiting to see a Procession; as the Shrine of the Saint pass'd by him, he happen'd to scratch himself under the Thigh (a Thing very common to *Apes*); but this natural Occurrence was misinterpreted by the Priests; who arrested the poor Creature, and put him into the Inquisition. His Process was speedily dispatch'd, and he was condemn'd to be burnt, for having profanely dar'd to scratch his Backside, and expose his Posteriors, before the Shrine of the most holy *St. Mary d' Agreda*(a). When

(a) The Superior of a Convent, canoniz'd for her Charity.

they had pass'd Sentence, and were conducting him to Execution, he confess'd, that *Superstition* was the worst of *all* Prejudices. As soon as they began to fasten him to the Stake, the Grief I conceiv'd for the Fate of my dear Friend, awak'd me: And I must own, that I thought myself extremely happy in my Bed, and at a Distance from the INQUISITION.







### V I S I O N   I I I .

**I** MADE a light Supper, and retir'd, in good Time, to Bed; but was no sooner asleep, than I thought myself at the Entrance of a large Palace. Over the Gate was inscrib'd, in Letters of Gold, *The Palace of Destiny*. There was no Beauty of Architecture, no Regularity, in this vast Pile; every Thing seem'd rather the Work of Chance, than Art. Going out of a spacious low Room, I enter'd one very small, but lofty: This led to several Apartments, some of which were square, others round, others triangular, others oval, and octagonal: In short, there were Apartments of a thousand different Models. At last, I came into a large grand Saloon, over the Door of which was written, *The Hall of Fate*. I was agreeably surpris'd, to see the Gods seated round a Table in this Room. *Jupiter* had given them an Entertainment,

and they were all assembled. When they were satiated with Nectar and Ambrosia, an agreeable Intoxication seem'd to be universal. *Jupiter* (their Supreme) finding himself a little elevated, thus address'd the rest. "It is," said he, "a long Time  
 "since we have entertain'd ourselves with  
 "creating of *Souls*, and it is one of our  
 "most usual and most pleasant Amuse-  
 "ments, at the End of our Festivals :  
 "Let us finish this, therefore, in so agree-  
 "able, so comic a Sport; which we have  
 "never the Leisure to think of but when  
 "the Nectar gets into our Heads, and  
 "renders us incapable of any Thing  
 "more serious."

All the Gods approv'd of this Proposal, and to work they went; mingling, with the Ingredients, whatever Qualities they found the most grotesque and singular. *MOMUS* made *Buffoons* and *Witlings*; *APOLLO*, *Poets*, *Painters*, *Historians*, *Orators*, *Critics*, and *Sculptors*: *MOMUS*, who sat next him, retouch'd all his Works, and breath'd a Spirit of Folly into all the Productions of the God of *Parnassus*. *MERCURY* made *Thieves*, *Men*  
 of

*of Business, Partizans, and Projectors*; all his Figures resembled each other: VENUS form'd *Coquettes, and Women of Pleasure*; MINERVA, *Prudes*; MARS, *Warriors, Heroes, Knights Errant, and Bullies*; BEL-LONA, *Amazons, and Viragoes*; and MOR-PHEUS, the God of *Dreams, made Philo-sophers*. The Gods and Goddesſes laugh'd heartily, at the droll Figure of their ſeveral Manufactures; and diſputed which were moſt ridiculous. When they had done, *Jupiter*, gravely ſtroking his Beard with one Hand, and holding a Glaſs of Ambroſia in the other, ſaid, with a contemptuous and malicious Air, “ Fooliſh, “ weak, inconfiderate Mortals! boalt “ your Enjoyment of Liberty on Earth! “ created, in a drunken Frolic, ſubject to “ the Caprice and Sport of Fortune; ig- “ norant, one Moment, of what ſhall “ happen the next. Your firſt Action “ determines you invincibly to the ſe- “ cond; that to the third; and ſo on: “ Yet have ye the Confidence to ſay, I “ will do ſuch a Thing, becauſe it is my “ Pleaſure. And why is it your Plea- “ ſure? Truly, becauſe you have ſtill a

“ Spice of your drunken original Prin-  
 “ ciple. Do not ye know, that, say-  
 “ ing ye will do any Thing, because ye  
 “ *will*, is saying nothing; at least it is  
 “ Nothing to the Purpose. For, is it  
 “ without Reason, that you would do it?  
 “ If so, it must seem, that inanimate  
 “ Nothing could produce an Effect: And  
 “ if ye would do it for a Reason, ye  
 “ must then be determin’d by that Rea-  
 “ son, and that Reason by another; but  
 “ ye were made when we had no Sense  
 “ in our Noddles, and pray how should  
 “ ye have any? In short, Nothing can  
 “ come of Nothing, and the Consequence  
 “ is, that vile Reptiles as ye are, in Spite  
 “ of all your Vanity, ye have neither  
 “ *Reason* nor *Liberty*.”

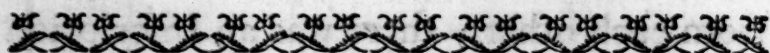
*Destiny*, who stood at the Elbow of *Ju-*  
*puter*, much applauded this Harrangue.  
 “ King of *Olympus*,” says she, “ I think ye  
 “ have all created Souls enough for one  
 “ Day; as they are hereafter to be my  
 “ Care, let me now have the Disposal of  
 “ them.” “ You are in the Right,” says *Ju-*  
*piter*; immediately he order’d all the new-  
 made Souls to be put into a large Sieve,

the



the Holes of which were at some Distance from each other ; there was an Inscription round each, and I read several of those in the Middle ; there was a Hole for Princes, and, beside it, one for Herdsmen and Shepherds ; a Hole for Popes, and, beside it, a Hole for Beggars ; a Quarter of an Inch separated those Souls that were destin'd to make a Figure in the World, and those that were to be the most miserable Slaves. When the Gods, with an Air of Contempt, had thrown their several Productions into the Sieve, *Destiny*, with some Violence, shook them about, and down they fell to the Earth through the different Holes. This Sight affected me so strongly as to awake me, and make me think, that the Station I enjoy in this World, intirely depends on the Hole I fell through.





## VISION IV.

I Thought myself in a spacious Apartment, resembling a Hall, at the upper End of which was written, *The Abode of Envy and Trouble*. In it were Numbers of People busied in various Employments, which appeared to me comical enough; many were passing Grains of Millet thro' the Eye of a Needle; and, when with a great Deal of Difficulty they had succeeded, they strung the Grains upon a Thread, and hung them (according to the Quantity and Size of the Grains they contain'd) upon different Pillars, on which were inscrib'd, *Epic Chaplets, Lyrric Chaplets, Elegiac Chaplets*, and divers others, which I have forgot. But what afforded me most Entertainment, was, that those who could not successfully perform this Operation, acted like Dæmoniacs, or People bewitched; they were uneasy, figited about, bit their Fingers, gnaw'd their Nails, turn'd up the Whites of their Eyes, sometimes  
mut-

muttering to themselves, at others, bawling out so loud, that it was equally impossible to know what they said; there were some few who pass'd their Grains through the Eye of the Needle, with the greatest Ease; and I thought I recollected amongst them the Faces of *Voltaire* and *Pyron*, but their Expertness rais'd the Envy of all their Comrades, who pretended their Grains were too small, and the Needle too large, affirming that those they had threaded were not dispos'd in sufficient Order, and otherwise reproaching them, casting Censures on their Works, which, in my Opinion, were without Foundation.

There were some who sily stole Pieces of Chaplets, and of them compos'd whole ones; but in the Middle of the Hall was seated five or six Persons, who held a long Whip in their Hands, upon the Handle of which was written *Criticism*; they had something cloudy and severe in their Countenance, and seem'd to be constitutionally Hypochondriacs. When they caught any of those Thieves in the Fact, they whip'd them severely, which expos'd them to the

Laughter of the whole Company ; but all this Shame and Punishment had no Effect, for, the Moment it was over, they stole again as freely as before.

Near these Threaders of Grains, were some, whose Occupation appear'd still more ridiculous ; they inflated Bladders with Wind, which of themselves immediately emptied, and put these Puffers into a violent Passion, because, as soon as they had blown them up, they cried out, *this is Solid, this is Substantial and Incontestable*, yet scarce did they pronounce those Words, but all the Wind they had blown into the Bladders, immediately evaporated. There was a Label tied to the Neck of each Bladder, on one was wrote *Cheminai's Sermons*, *Arnaud's Sermons*, and so on ; but my Mother having told me, above thirty Years since, that I should hear, and see, and say nothing, and my Father having often inculcated in my Infancy, an old Proverb, that the Truth should not be spoken at all Times, I concluded on a serious Reflexion on these Precepts, that I ought to be silent as to what I saw and read ; however, I will venture to whisper in the Ears of a  
few

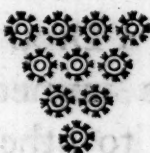


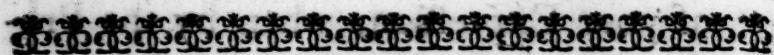
few discreet Persons, about a Dozen of these Inscriptions, which, I believe, People will little suspect my having found tied to the Bladders.

At a small Distance from these Puffers, were many employ'd in collecting every Thing, Good or Bad, that they met with in the Hall, and, with the greatest Care, locking them up in Chests; every Time they open'd or shut these curious Caskets, they cried out aloud, " We are working  
" for Posterity, we preserve in our Cabi-  
" nets every Thing that is valuable or  
" curious." Having the Curiosity to look into the Chests, I was almost stifled with the Stench that issued from it; the sorry Compositions they lock'd up together with what was really good, corrupted in a general Fermentation, what was worthy of being preserv'd; not being able to support the putrid Effluvia that arose from these Chests, I retir'd some Distance, but was still near enough to read the Inscriptions of some of them, on the first was written *The History of Calvinism, by Mainbourg, and the other Works of that Jesuit*; on another was written, *The Works of Varillas*;

on a Third, *The History of Denmark*, by *Destrocbres*; a Fourth was, *The Revolutions of Poland* by the *Abbè Fontain*; a Fifth, *The Revolutions of France*, by *Mr. de la Hode*; a Sixth, *The History of Lewis XIV*, by *Larray*; I was reading on, for there was an infinite Number, but was interrupted by a violent Uproar, made by five or six Persons, that bawl'd out to others who were cuffing them, " We have enough, " enough." But in vain did they ask Quarter, the others still beat on, sometimes striking them on the Cheek, sometimes tweeking them by the Nose, or throwing large Folio's at their Heads, saying at every Assault, " You cannot resist " against such Authority." I observ'd that the principal of these Books were the Works of *Cujas*, *Demoulin*, *Bartode*, *Grotius*, and *d'Argentre*; in short, the poor Creatures, whose Noses were thus batter'd, were oblig'd to retire; and some who were By-standers, said, to the Antagonists, " Gentlemen, you are indisputably the " greatest Orators in the World; none " ever pleaded with such Strength of Argument; you support a bad Cause it is " true,

“ true, but who can withstand the Force  
“ of your Expression, when by the Pro-  
“ fundity of your Erudition, and the Im-  
“ petuosity of your Eloquence, you have  
“ rather conquer’d than convinc’d your  
“ Opponents.” This appear’d to me such  
an ill-tim’d Compliment, and so repug-  
nant to the Good of Society, that I awak’d  
in great Disgust.





## VISION V.

**I** Had retir'd to Rest later than usual, and lay awake some Time ; at last, insensibly falling asleep, I thought I saw a Number of People, who were blowing up Bladders with Soap Suds through a Quill ; every one of these had their Partizans and Admirers, who as soon as a Globe was form'd, immediately exclaim'd, " Ay, this is the only true System ;" but when they were dissolv'd again to their original Form, a Drop or two of Water, their Spectators immediately abandon'd them, and ran to others who were employ'd in the same Manner, and on the new Formation of any Bubble, changed from one Side to the other ; in short, their whole Life was spent in following and admiring these *empty* Bubbles, Dupes to their short Duration and Instability.

At a small Distance were some, whose Phrenzy seem'd more to be pitied than the former, they never forsook the Blower



to whom they at first attach'd themselves ; but, whenever the Bubble was dissolv'd into Water, they incessantly harass'd themselves to form, from those very Drops, a fresh Bubble ; they blow'd with much Vehemence to no Purpose, for their Endeavours were unfruitful, and they lost both their Labour and Time.

Not far from these Unfortunates, were a Set of pensive melancholy People, who kept their Eyes clos'd, that they might not see those Objects that were presented to their View. They hated every Thing that had Space, and were eternally endeavouring to exalt themselves to a Place they call'd the *incorporeal Region*, where they pretended to have persuaded themselves that there was no such Thing as *Matter*. When they attempted to take their Flight to this imaginary Region, a gross Column of Air, forc'd them down to the Centre of Gravity, and, in the Fall, they generally broke their Noses. Some who beheld their Disaster, scoff'd at, and derided them : “ Why,” said they, “ you Pack  
“ of whimsical Wretches, What is it you  
“ would be at ? Live here as other Mor-  
“ tals

“tals do ; why should you frame to your-  
 “selves the Existence of Beings, of which  
 “you have no Knowledge ? We can com-  
 “pare you only to those Fools, who shut  
 “their Eyes when the Sun shines, and  
 “then say it is no luminous Planet. You  
 “deprive Beings of their *Extent*, by the  
 “Strength of your Imaginations, and  
 “then think they really have no *Extent*.  
 “Fools as ye are, How can a Being ex-  
 “ist, and not have *Space* ? and, if it has  
 “*Space*, has it not likewise *Extent* ? and,  
 “if it has *Extent*, must it not likewise  
 “have Parts ? and, if it has Parts, has it  
 “not also *Matter* ? Hence it follows, that  
 “all Substance has *Extent* ; for if it ex-  
 “ists, it must exist in some *Space*, and  
 “have Parts, so that your Doctrine of  
 “*Incorporeality*, is nothing but a Chi-  
 “mera ; and we rejoice to see your Pride  
 “and Folly punish’d by the Destruction  
 “of your Noses.” The poor Devils,  
 quite asham’d and confounded with these  
 Reflections, cover’d their Faces with their  
 Hands, and retired into a Corner of the  
 Room, muttering as they sneak’d off,  
 “*Ab,*

“ *Ab, Des Cartes, it is you that have made*  
“ *us break our Noses.*”

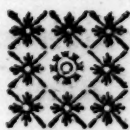
Amongst the many different Objects I beheld in this Vision, I pitied none so much as some senseless stubborn Idiots, who cried out to every one that pass'd them, “ Sirs, we have really no Body, the  
“ Idea we have of Matter, is but a meer  
“ Illusion.” “ Do not eat then,” says some sensible People that took Notice of them, and you will soon be convinc'd to the contrary. “ Why we do not eat,” replied one of these pretended *Incorporealists*; “ the Repasts which we swallow  
“ are but imaginary Ideas; our Soul is  
“ govern'd by the Law of Nature, and  
“ there are certain Impressions of which  
“ it would be equally susceptible, if there  
“ was such Things as Bodies, and it had,  
“ one.” A sour morose Fellow, who  
“ stood by, and was disgusted at this Speech, replied, “ Well, Sir, if you will  
“ not believe that you have a Body when  
“ you eat, I will convince you of their  
“ Existence by another Method of Argument;” and immediately gave him (that spoke last) a confounded Stroke with  
a Cud-

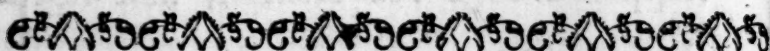
a Cudgel across his Shoulders ; the incorporeal Gentleman forgetting his Spirituality, was going to return it, but the other very prudently retir'd, at which he was so mad, that he was oblig'd to have Recourse to Invectives to satisfy and Appease his Anger : " Ah," says he, " you are, and always will be, one of those dull stupid Dogs that have not Sense enough to digest the sublime Truth sought after, and discover'd by our divine Patriarch *Malebranche*."

While he was thus wasting his Breath in passionate Invectives, a grave good-humour'd Man came up to him; " Friend," says he, " why are you angry at him from whom you have receiv'd this imaginary Insult ; do you not know that all this is in the Order of Things ? We live in the best regulated World that is possible ; and it was not only ordain'd that you should be beat, but it was better that you should have receiv'd the Blow than not." " What the Devil," says he that was caned, " Was it ordain'd that I should be beat ?" " Ay, to be sure," says the other, " if you were but wise enough,



“ enough, you would look upon what has  
“ happen’d as a real Benefit, and not a  
“ Misfortune.” “ Away, you are an old  
“ Fool,” says the First. “ You lye,” says  
the other ; upon which they took each  
other by the Throat, one crying out, I  
am for *Malebranche*, the other I am for  
*Leibnitz*. This Encounter immediately be-  
came general, and the Fear of being en-  
gag’d in the Fray, awak’d me. When I  
reflected on my Dream, it convinc’d me,  
that the Disputes among Philosophers are  
but Visions ; and can have no Influence  
upon People in their right Senses.





## VISION VI.

OF all the Visions I ever had, that I am going to relate gave me the most Uneasiness, and impress'd the strongest Sense of Horror.

I slept very indifferently, many disagreeable Ideas presented themselves to my Imagination, and I thought that two Genii lifted me into the Air; they convey'd me over an immense Space, at length having travers'd almost the Extent of the Globe, they laid me down on the Top of a very high Mountain, whereon was a Palace, the Walls of which were human Bones, cemented with Blood. A frightful Giant guarded the Entrance of this Castle, holding in each Hand a Sword; upon one, in flaming Characters, was inscrib'd, *No Toleration*; on the other, *Propagation*.

I was struck with Horror at this tremendous Sight, when one of the Genii said to me, "The Palace before you is  
" the

“ the Residence of a Goddess, destin’d to  
“ punish Mankind ; if it were not for her,  
“ their Lot would approach too near that  
“ of Immortals ; their Days would flow  
“ in an uninterrupted Series of Bliss and  
“ Happiness, living agreeable to the Laws  
“ of Nature, which are calculated only for  
“ their Joy and Tranquility, and cannot  
“ deprive them of any Thing that may  
“ contribute to their Ease and Satisfaction ; for, though nearly all those Laws  
“ which have been fram’d by certain Men  
“ who have presum’d to act above their  
“ Sphere, are but the Precepts of insupportable Bondage, the Laws of Nature  
“ are such only, as contribute to human  
“ Felicity, and prescribe no *Ties*, nor defend any Principles but what should be.”

I listen’d with Attention, but my Apprehension of the Giant before me was so great, that I had not Courage to answer him. “ I am surpriz’d,” resum’d the Genii, “ that you have not the Curiosity  
“ to enter the Palace, and learn what they  
“ are doing within it ; it is in your Power  
“ to be satisfied, and we have brought  
“ you hither with that Design.” At this  
En-

Encouragement I began to recollect myself, and assured my Guide, that I should have made that Request before, if I had not been intimidated by the Giant who stood Centry at the Gate. “ You have  
“ some Reason,” replied the Genii, “ to  
“ fear him, for he is the most dreadful  
“ Monster Hell ever produc’d ; he is the  
“ Son of *Hatred* and *Pride*, was nurs’d by  
“ the *Furies*, who fed him from his Infancy with human Blood. It was he who  
“ built the Palace you now see, and he is  
“ not only the Favourite, but the Support  
“ also of the Goddess who inhabits it ; he  
“ sheds the Blood with which her Altars  
“ are daily fed ; yet, notwithstanding his  
“ savage Disposition and unparell’d Cruelty, there are Means, sometimes, to  
“ sooth him into Gentleness.”

I told the Genii, that, if such a Thing was possible, I would very willingly go into the Palace ; “ Kneel down,” says he,  
“ and address him three Times by the  
“ Name of *the Being that presides over the*  
“ *Lives of the Spanish and Portuguese*  
“ *Jews, the Tranquility of French Protest-*  
“ *tants,*



“*tants, Security of Swedish Catholics, and  
the Purse of English Papists.*”

I did as I was directed, and immediately there appear'd before me a Woman, with a modest reserv'd Air, who wept one Moment, and laugh'd the next. Yet, notwithstanding, her inconstant Behaviour, she still display'd an Air of Circumspection, and had, on a close Examination, something of Constraint. She wore a Fillet round her Head, upon which was written *Diffimulation*, she accommodated me with such another, and commanded me to follow her; we then pass'd by the Giant without meeting with any Obstruction, and enter'd the Palace together.

We went through a great many large Apartments, which were chiefly occupied by Men in black Gowns, who had all long Swords in their Hands, the Sheaths of which were made only of Paper, and inscrib'd, *Precepts of Theology*; these Men had some particular Mark in their Habits, which denoted their several Halls; they spoke different Languages, but I observ'd that the *Latin* Tongue was the most universal. In every Apartment, or Hall,  
there

there was a Man, seated on a Throne, or something like it, who frequently cried out, "Remember, that you ought to live  
"and die for the Opinions ye have adopt-  
"ed." Immediately they all brandish'd their Swords, and unanimously answer'd; "We  
"are ready to live and die in the Sup-  
"port of our just Cause; and will main-  
"tain the Honour of the Deity who has  
"admitted us into her Temple, against  
"the World. We will pay no Regard  
"to the Duty of Children, Affection of  
"Parents, Bonds of Friendship, Ties of  
"Honour, nor Obedience of a Subject:  
"The Glory of our Patroness is (and  
"shall be) the only Object we have in  
"View."

Going out of these Apartments, we enter'd a spacious Hall, in the Middle of which was a Canopy; and underneath was seated a Woman, who affected an Air of Majesty; but, in Reality, look'd like an old Courtezan. In Spite of the Pains she had taken, with white and red, to disguise her Age; her Wrinkles, and hollow Cheeks, betray'd her: She scarce dar'd to speak, lest she should discover her Want  
of

of Teeth ; but, when she did, her Words were inarticulate, and almost unintelligible. Round her were seated her Favourites ; before each of whom was a Table, upon which they compos'd Philtres, or Poisons : Every Table had an Inscription. I even read some of them ; and can recollect there were, the *Sorbonne*, the *Universities* of *Salamanca*, *Oxford*, *Geneva*, *Wittenberg*, *Tuberg*, *Leyden* ; and many more I read, but have forgotten. This, however, I remember ; that there was an infinite Number ; for the Hall was full, and every Table had its own *Chymist*.

I observ'd, that they were separated into four Divisions ; and in the Middle of each Division was erected a Pedestal. On the first was, the Statue of the *Pope* ; on the second, stood *Calvin* ; on the third, *Luther* ; and on the fourth, *Jansenius* (a).

When

(a) Bishop of *Ypres*, in *Flanders* ; whose Doctrines were, in relation to Grace, and Free-will : Which is reduc'd into five Propositions. I. Some Commands of God are impossible to righteous Men, even tho' they endeavour, with all their Power, to accomplish

D

them :

When those, who compos'd the Poisons, had fill'd their Pots, they humbly presented it to the Image which presided over their Division. Sometimes the Statue would incline its Head, as a Mark of Approbation; or, perhaps, not move at all, in Sign of Disgust. When it had once given the Nod of Approbation, to him

them: The Grace being wanting, by which they should be enabled to perform them. II. In the State of corrupt Nature, a Man never resists inward Grace. III. To merit and demerit, in the present State of corrupt Nature, it is not requisite a Man should have that Liberty which excludes Necessity: That which excludes Constraint, is sufficient. IV. The Semipelagians admitted the Necessity of inward preventing Grace to each Act, in particular; and even to the Beginning of Faith: But they were Heretics, in regard they asserted, that this Grace was such, as that the Will of Man might either resist or obey it. V. It is Semipelagianism to say, that *Jesus Christ* died, or shed his Blood for all Men in general. These Propositions have been condemn'd by the Popes, *Urban VIII. Innocent X. Alexander VII. and Clement XI.* The Bull *Unigenitus* was publish'd against them, which is the Foundation of the present Disputes, between the Clergy and Parliaments of *France*. It peremptorily condemns the *Jansenists*, without a Disquisition, or any other Argument than that of Authority.

who



who made the Offering; the Votary, with the greatest Care, cover'd up the Pot, without adding any Thing to it: But when the Image made no Sign, but remain'd motionless; the Chymist went to work again, and added some more venomous Ingredients to his Composition. In the mean while, she, who was seated on the Throne, from Time to Time, order'd the Pots, thus compleated, to be brought to her; and then mix'd the Contents of them in a large Vessel; over which was written, *Poison to foment religious Wars*: She then gave it to her Dames of Honour, *Envy* and *Ambition*; with Orders, to make those Persons swallow it whom we saw in the other Apartments.

I was curious to know the Title of this dangerous Deity; but did not know whom to ask: At length, I saw two Men enter, dragging some unfortunate Persons, clad in a very whimsical Manner. "Divine *Theology*," said they, to the Goddess; "see these Victims, condemn'd to shed their Blood upon your Altars, who were rash enough to maintain,

“ that you are more dangerous than useful ; and that plain Reason, assisted by Nature, is able to lead Mankind to the Truth.” The Goddesses fumed at this. “ This,” said she, “ is the Effect of the pernicious Writings of those Authors who have acquired the Title of Wise from the Blows they have levelled at me : Let us shew an Example that may deter those, who shall hereafter chance to be in the same Situation, and shew the Followers of my Enemies, that I am as revengeful as I am powerful. My Reputation can only be establish’d by *Cruelty* ; and that *Cruelty* must alone preserve it.”

The Goddesses then order’d them to put these unfortunate Wretches to Death, and brand their Names with a Mark of Infamy. Immediately, the Executioners, arm’d with Hatchets, the Handles of which resembled Inkhorns, seiz’d the Criminals, and cried out, as loud as they could, that they were going to put them to Death as they would Atheists, or Reprobates. The unhappy Victims vainly protested their Belief of the Existence  
and

and Providence of a Being supremely good and gracious: For these Executioners fiercely reply'd, "If you despise  
" or discredit our Goddess, you believe  
" nothing;" and immediately put them to Death. The Fright awak'd me; and I reflected, that it has been too often inferr'd, that, in trusting and subscribing tacitly to the Doctrine of the *Theologians*, one may, without Danger, disbelieve any Thing: But that it is being idly virtuous, if we dare be good without them.

Men of great Sense have said, that, at *Rome*, the believing in God is of little Importance, provided they believe in the *Pope*: And, in the Opinion of *Jurieu(a)*, a *Roman Catholic* is more culpable than a *Heathen*.

(a) A Protestant Minister of the Gospel at *Rotterdam*, who wrote, with great Vehemence, and even a Spirit of Persecution, against the Catholics. In this Instance our Author justly censures all who have pursu'd their Doctrines beyond the Bounds of Reason or Humanity.



## VISION VII.

**I** THOUGHT I beheld *Jupiter*, in a Cloud, seated on a Throne, and surrounded by the principal Gods. About the Cloud flew a prodigious Number of Eagles, who, by fluttering and clapping their Wings, and by making loud Cries, endeavour'd to attract, each on themselves, the Notice and Regard of the Master of the Universe ; and, as if it were supreme Happiness but to come within his Reach, they elevated themselves on the Backs of each other, and endeavour'd to place themselves at the Foot of his Throne : Yet, having gain'd that Point, they enjoy'd not the more Tranquillity. For, as the Place could contain but few, they furiously push'd and buffeted one another ; so that, from Time to Time, some gain'd, and some resign'd, that envied, happy Situation ; and there were many, in the Contest, so hurt, that they fell again  
among



among the Crowd that were flying about the Throne. These were not only busied in endeavouring to attract the Attention of the God, but, also, in repelling other Eagles, who had ascended the Firmament, to place themselves amongst them. These they eagerly pursu'd, tearing off their Feathers; and forc'd them, at last, to abandon their Enterprize, and return again to the Earth.

I was busied in observing these different Combats; when, of a sudden, I perceiv'd a *foreign* Eagle, who, in Despite of all the Opposition he met with, broke through the Crowd that would have check'd his Flight, and supported himself on the Edge of the Cloud, notwithstanding the Loss of many Feathers. The Eagles, that attack'd him, despairing of the Victory, and flattering themselves that *Jupiter* would not let fall the least Glance of Favour on him, being a Stranger; and that he could not immediately place himself at the Foot of the Throne; descended on a Bog; where, having loaded their Beaks with stinking Mud, they re-ascended the Skies; and, approaching

D 4

their

their common Enemy, threw on him all their Filth; expecting, thereby, to render him so offensive, as to become odious in the Sight of *Jupiter*. But that which was design'd to prejudice, prov'd to be of Service to him.

*Jupiter*, perceiving the Effects of their Jealousy, order'd the *Goddeſs Hebe* to throw Cups of Nectar on the persecuted Eagle, whereby he was effectually clean'd; and then, by the Command of *Jove*, plac'd at the Foot of his Throne, to the Confusion of his Enemies. This awak'd me; and I doubt not but my Vision was sent to convince me, that, in the Kingdoms of this World, the Courtiers take all Opportunities of blackening and aspersing the Reputation of each other, with too much Success: But in the Kingdom of an all-wise, spiritual Prince, 'tis frivolous that some calumniate others, the Evil they report of them only making them more esteem'd of their SOVEREIGN.



## VISION VIII.

**A**MONGST the many singular Things which I have seen in my Visions, none have afforded me more Amusement than this of a People who, notwithstanding the Use of Speech, only communicate their Ideas by Grimace and Gestures.

I imagin'd myself in a fine open Walk, where I beheld a Crowd of People who address'd each other without speaking, and walk'd together as in earnest Discourse, yet parted without uttering a single Word, notwithstanding it appear'd, to me, that the major Part of this Assembly were intimately acquainted. On Examination I found, that they had a peculiar Manner of explaining themselves, and understanding each other, by Gestures. I observ'd several that bow'd their Heads, and carelessly inclin'd one Shoulder, when they would address (or impart

any Thing to) their Companions, while the Parties address'd, nimbly bent their Bodies a little forward, drew one Foot back, and bow'd their Heads two or three Times; after which, each Party precipitately embrac'd, kifs'd, cut a Caper, abrae'd again, strok'd up their Hair, and so parted.

It appear'd to me, that the Women excell'd, in this mute Language. They had a Method of turning their Eyes so, as to express, at one Glance, more than could be written in three Pages; and make five or six Men laugh, for a Quarter of an Hour, by a slight Wink of one Eyelid. I observ'd a young Girl turn her Head towards a proper young Fellow that stood near her, and throw a Glance at him from the Corner of her Eye. The Cavalier instantly bow'd, stepp'd back two Paces, bow'd again, and, recovering himself, slipt one Hand under his Girdle, at the same Time carelessly playing with the other with a great Bunch of Ribbands she wore under her Chin; shewing, at the same Time, as it were, without Design, or Affectation, a fine Ring, which he wore  
on



on his little Finger; then contorting his Eyes and Mouth, in a most ridiculous Manner, laugh'd tenderly; then suddenly appear'd melancholy, then frantic; then, in an Instant, recover'd his first Appearance; and, somewhat elevating his Shoulders, bow'd, turn'd his Eyes first on the Sky, then on the Earth, and concluded by attentively staring on the young Lady. She return'd all this by a dumb Shew very little different from the former. These Gestures attracted the Observation of several Spectators; some laughing malignantly, some clapping each other on the Shoulders; while others held down their Heads for the Space of a Minute, making such antic Grimaces, that one would have taken them for Pagods (a) of *China*. The Girl, perceiving that her own Conduct had given Rise to all this Mirth and Mimicry, seem'd a little confounded; but the Spark was charm'd with having drawn the Attention of the Company on his Mistress; and, recover-

(a) Priests.

ing from his Reverie, stamp'd with his Foot, drum'd a Tune on the Lid of his Snuff-box, and made a sham Cough, to recal their Attention.

My Notice was now drawn towards another kind of mute Address. I perceiv'd some People that wore on their Eyes a little Horn, furnish'd with a Glass, thro' which they ogled all the Women: Those on whom they pointed their Horns, were agitated as if they dreaded something as ominous, as the ancients have represented the Looks of their old Magicians to have been. They bit their Lips, and roll'd their Eyes, sometimes softly, then with a brisker Motion, and appearing to be much shock'd and embarrass'd, they primm'd up themselves; and, casting their Eyes downwards, laugh'd ridiculously: And, in short, so long as the little Horn is fix'd upon them, their Countenances chang'd Colour, like the Camelion. One can easily enough discern their Confusion; and their different Agitations are so expressive, that those, who understand nothing of this mute Language, may easily

easily comprehend that they mean to say,  
*I fear you do not find me so handsome as you expected.*

I also perceiv'd, among these People, some who pretended to assume the Appearance of Learning, and Eloquence. Their Salutation was, by clasping and shaking of Hands; yet, though they did not ogle, as the former; their Conduct appear'd not much less ridiculous: For they frequently stamp'd with their Feet, and laugh'd, without any one's knowing wherefore; walking sometimes gently, sometimes swiftly; and, by their insignificant, unmeaning Air, they might well be taken for *Neapolitan Peasants* bit by the *Tarantula*; who, every Instant, run into some new Species of Folly.

At the Thoughts of being surrounded by a Set of People so vain and trifling, I awoke; and am persuaded, that one may find, among the major Part of the *Beaux* and *Coquettes* of the present Age, the perfect Copy of these People, speaking by Grimace and Gestures, approaching nearer to the Nature of *Automatons*,

*tomatons*, and Puppets, than Humanity :  
If it be true, that Reason is the Es-  
sence of that Humanity so much disho-  
nour'd by the Manners of three-fourths  
of Mankind.







V I S I O N IX.

I Imagin'd that I saw a great Oak in the Middle of a large Field: I admir'd its Height with Pleasure, at the same Time reflecting on the Grandeur of the Roots that supported so great a Trunk. While I was absorb'd in these Ideas, I observ'd a Number of *Fawns* and *Satyrs*, who, with each a Reed in his Hand, prepar'd and attempted to fell the Tree. Their Folly much amaz'd me! At the first Blow they struck, a Sage, whom I discover'd amongst them, exclaim'd, with some Warmth; "What is it you would do? Say, what is your Design? Are ye so weak as to imagine, that ye can, in that Manner, execute the Enterprize ye have undertaken?"——"We would," reply'd they, "pull down this Tree, and we are determin'd to effect it. For a long Time it has obstructed our View, and we can suffer it no longer; for it  
" seems

“ seems to brave, by its Elevation, all the  
“ Underwoods that we protect.” At  
these Words, the *Fawns* and *Satyrs* fell to  
Work, with much Vehemence, upon the  
Tree, and beat down some of the Bark  
which the Rain had before loosen’d, and  
was ready of itself to have fallen off.

“ Behold,” cries the Combatants, “ al-  
“ ready is the most difficult Part of our  
“ Labour accomplish’d, the Bark falls,  
“ and the Tree begins to tremble ;” the  
Sage, who had before mock’d them,  
laugh’d again at their obstinate Credulity ;  
“ That which ye are about to do,” said  
he, “ will prove your Confusion, and the  
Moment of your Shame is hastening on.”  
Nor was it long before this Prediction was  
fulfill’d ; for the incens’d *Satyrs* redoubled  
their Blows on the Trunk of the decorti-  
cated Tree, which, being so much harder,  
shiver’d their Reeds to Pieces, without  
making the least Impression, or imprint-  
ing the Mark of a single Blow on the of-  
fending Oak.

I then heard a Voice exclaim, in the  
following Terms ; “ Ye ignorant, mis-  
“ guided *Deities*, learn to respect a *God*  
“ who is superior to you ; I protect this  
“ Tree,

“ Tree, I ordain’d it to grow and increase  
“ thus largely. Ye attempted not to re-  
“ duce it in its infant State, and would ye  
“ now, when it has attain’d its full Vi-  
“ gour, execute so vain a Project? As a  
“ Punishment to your Folly, I condemn  
“ you, henceforth, to murmur at every  
“ Thing that is Good and Praise-worthy;  
“ and ye shall be like the Rushes ye have  
“ so vainly broken, which the least Blast  
“ will agitate, the least Blow will crush,  
“ which cannot withstand the slightest At-  
“ tack, but tremble at the Breath of the  
“ most gentle *Zephyr*.”

Ye jealous *Authors*, ye pretended *Wits*,  
who endeavour to establish your own, by  
lessening the Reputation of other Men,  
my Dream alludes to you; learn from  
this Example, be convinc’d that your De-  
signs are vain and foolish, and must only  
terminate in your own Confusion; which,  
if Pride would let you so apply it, were  
sufficient Punishment.

There are those, who, with great Dili-  
gence search every Opportunity, and lay  
hold of every Occasion to disparage Wri-  
ters;

ters ; they will, perhaps, lay to my Charge an insupportable Pride, pretending, that in this Dream, I have only endeavour'd to flatter myself ; but I will not so much condemn the Public, as to imagine, or believe them capable of paying any Attention to a Reproach so ill founded ; because I infer, that *ignorant Critics* ought not to attack the Reputation of good Authors ; Must I be accus'd of Vanity and Self-praise ? If so, *Lè Fontaine* is very culpable for having written his ingenious Fable of the Adder, who broke his Teeth in attempting to bite a File ; Had this great Author a Design to flatter or praise his own Works, because he concludes that Fable with the following Words ?

*Ye Critics of the lower Class,  
This Tale to you I write ;  
Ye weak, ye envious nibbling Race,  
Who vent on all, your Spite.*

*How weak the Toil ! the Power how scant ! (a)  
With brazen Teeth to wound, the Steel or  
Adamant.*

What

*Ceci s'adresse à vous, esprits du dernier ordre,  
Qui, n'étant bons à rien, cherchez sur tout à mordre.*

*Vous*



What have I said more than, *Lè Fontaine* ?  
And, if he is no Way culpable, who shall  
pretend to affirm that I am ? But what are  
they that condemn me ? are they Divinities,  
that hold in their Hands the Hearts of  
Men ? Do they penetrate the Consciences,  
and see through Mens Intentions ? Neither :  
On what Grounds then will they determine,  
that in a general Reflexion we pretend to  
talk of ourselves ?

*Vous vous tourmentez vainement ;  
Croiez-vous que vos dents impriment leurs outrages  
Sur tant de beaux Ouvrages ?  
Ils sent pour vous d'airain, d'acier, de diamant.*





## VISION X.

**I** Conceited myself in a fine Garden, inclos'd by a quick-set Hedge, and separated thereby from an extensive Plain, or Orchard, full of the most delicious Fruit, which appear'd, to me, much more beautiful than those in my own Garden. I had a great Desire to leave my Retreat for that more unbounded Plain, but the Hedge intercepted my Passage; I imagin'd that I had dwelt in this Solitude many Years. One Day, animated by an earnest Desire of tasting the Fruit of the Orchard, I made several ineffectual Efforts to break the Hedge. I beheld, of a sudden, a Whirlwind of Smoke arise from the Earth, which disappearing, I perceiv'd a young Woman neatly and plainly dress'd, who, nevertheless, had something of Enchantment in her Countenance; she was serious without the least Appearance of Sadness, and had an Air  
of

of Satisfaction and Tranquility, seldom to be met with in the Female Sex ; her Manner appear'd, at once, engaging and unaffected, her Gait was also uniform and natural. She approach'd, and thus address'd me : “ I am the Goddess of Solitude, “ and have always protected you, because “ I delight in doing good to those, who “ fix their Minds, like you, on solid Joys. “ I have this Day, with great Regret, observed you endeavouring to abandon “ this calm Retreat, for the Pleasure of “ wandering in that vast Plain, which you “ have view'd and consider'd with such “ Attention. You much deceive yourself if you judge of the Goodness of “ the Fruit, which you see there, by its “ beautiful Appearance ; that Appearance is flattering and deceitful, the “ Fruits of your own Garden are infinitely more sweet, for though the others “ seem ripe and delicious to the Eye, they “ are all Bitterness and Acidity, of which “ you shall no sooner have tasted, than “ you will severely repent your having “ preferr'd them, to those you have fed “ on in this Retreat.”

The

The Discourse of the Goddess had so good an Effect on me, that I determin'd to abandon all Thoughts of deserting my Garden; but she had no sooner quitted me, and disappear'd, than I again turn'd my Eyes towards the Orchard, the Fruit now appear'd more beautiful than ever, and exaggerated the Temptation, yet I dared not again attempt to break the Hedge; the Fear that the Goddess would return, and reproach me for the little Value I set on her Advice, deterring me.

In this Situation of Mind, another Female appear'd suddenly before me; she had a sprightly Air, but in the Moment she appear'd most merry, would fall instantly into Sadness; she pronounc'd one Word smiling, the next sighing, and seem'd, indeed, of a most strange inconstant Disposition. She was elegantly attir'd, but her Cloaths were so rich and unwieldy, that every Moment one would have expected that she would sink beneath their Weight. I know," said she, " the very  
" Bottom of your Heart, and can read  
" your most secret Thoughts, listen not to  
" vain Council, thirst not for empty Praise,  
" fol-



“ follow me into the Orchard, and satiate  
“ your Desire.” At these Words she struck  
the Hedge with a golden Rod she carry’d  
i her Hand, and instantly the Inclosure  
gave Way, and there was a large Open-  
ing, through which I rush’d into the  
Plain. The Moment I enter’d, I ran to  
the first Tree, and pluck’d some Pears,  
which I thought excell’d any Thing of the  
Kind in my own Garden ; “ The Goddess  
“ of Solitude, (cried I) mock’d, and was  
“ playing with me, she would have amus’d  
“ and deceiv’d me, to keep me in eternal  
“ Bondage. I eat of the Fruit of several  
“ Trees which appear’d equally delicious.”

While I was thus engag’d in tasting the  
Variety of Fruit that presented themselves  
to me, I perceiv’d the Hedge which in-  
clos’d my forsaken Garden, was suddenly  
converted into a Wall of Iron ; my peace-  
ful Retreat I now saw for ever intercept-  
ed ; at first, indeed, I found sufficient Con-  
solation in the Charms of my new Abode,  
but too soon I harbour’d other Senti-  
ments.

In Proportion as I advanc’d in the  
Plain, the Property of the Fruit was in-  
tirely

tirely alter'd, they were all become either  
sour or bitter; I return'd then to those  
which I at first tasted, they also, not-  
withstanding they were before so sweet,  
were become as bad. All that I now eat  
was of a nauseous dreadful Taste; I be-  
gan to reflect, that for not having follow-  
ed the Advice of the Goddess, I was pu-  
nish'd with having no Nourishment but  
the sourest and austereſt Fruits: I deplor'd  
my Misfortunes, and earnestly wish'd to  
return to my own Garden, but the Wall  
which ſurrounded it, render'd the Access  
impoſſible. Cruſh'd with ſo mortal a Cha-  
grin, there remain'd now no Gleam of  
Hope, no comfortable Ray. I was Night  
and Day wandering in a wide Plain, a Ha-  
bitation which was become inſupportable  
to me, the Care and Anxiety with which  
I was hourly tormented, would afford me  
no Leiſure to recollect thoſe pleaſing Re-  
flexions, which entertained me, and, as it  
were, abſorb'd my Ideas, in that delight-  
ful loſt Retirement; it appear'd to me  
that I had no longer the ſame Heart, or  
the ſame Mind, and that the Bitterneſs  
and

and Acidity of the Fruits, whereon I fed, had influenc'd both the one and the other.

One Day when I was thus absorb'd in reflecting on my Misfortunes, I advanc'd farther in the Plain, than I had ever done before ; I perceiv'd that it was bounded by a vast River, beyond which there were a great Number of Gardens, like that which I had forsaken. I hastened to the Side of this River, with a Design to see if it was passable ; the Shore was very steep, the Water was dirty, and the Stream rapid ; the Hopes of crossing so dangerous a Flood, vanish'd at the Sight ; but my Desire to quit that detested Place, recall'd my Resolution, and made me determine to combat all Difficulties. I threw myself into the Water, and was much astonish'd to see it, as I enter'd, much abated in Rapidity, and its Width also contracted. As I approach'd the wish'd for Shore, leaving the fatal Plain behind, the Water still diminish'd, and became less rapid ; in the Middle of the River it scarcely wetted my Knees ; at last I reach'd the further Shore, and enter'd one of the Gardens,

E

dens, the Hedge opening of itself to let me pass. I turn'd me round, and all the Trees in the Plain I had quitted, were that Instant metamorphos'd into Men.

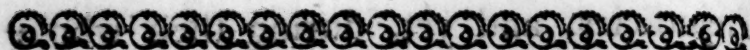
I awoke at that uncommon Incident, and have learnt from my Dream, that true Happiness exists only in Retirement, and that those, who being seduc'd and hurry'd away by the flattering chimerical Ideas which form the great World, idly quit that Solitude, will heartily repent their Journey into Life. They may be satisfied, however, if they know how to conquer those Difficulties, which, to them, appear considerable, but are much easier to be surmounted, than is to be recovered their former Tranquility. The Bands which unite us to the World, have not that Force which our Imaginations give them; the People will blame us (say some) if we live in a close retired Way, but what avails to a Man, who would think and act with Sense and Propriety, the Opinion of those who are ignorant of true Happiness and Wisdom?

Many



Many People know the Folly of their Prejudices, and yet, during their whole Life, through an inconceivable Foibles, live the Dupes of those very Prejudices. The Fear of displeasing Fools, has made many Men of Understanding unhappy, and the Ambition of Applause has made many great Men commit great Errors.





## VISION XI.

I WAS firmly persuaded, that the Eyes of all the human Species were Glafs, and that those of many, produc'd, in every Respect, the Effects of the Microscope; to these People the most trifling Objects appear inconceivably *Great*; an Ant, in their Eyes, seems as tall as an Elephant; their Minds, accusom'd to the Largeness of the Objects represented to them, consider, also, all Things as if they were an hundred Times more considerable then they really are. I observ'd one of these *Microscopists* entertaining a small Audience, and had the Curiosity to listen; he was talking of a General who had made himself Master of a Castle, defended by three-hundred Men; and he related the Circumstances of this Siege as pompously, and with as much Prolixity and Aggravation, as *Homer* the Siege of *Troy*. A Moment after, another of them made an Eulogium in the Stile of  
Tra-

*Trajan's* Panegyric, on a Prince who had given a Piece of thirty Pence to a Beggar ; and though the State of this Prince was not of the Extent of more than twelve Leagues, he compar'd his Power to that of *Augustus*, and scrupled not to infer in his Allusion to the Prince's Bounty, that, in Imitation of *Titus*, he counted his Days by his good Deeds. I listen'd to these Eulogiums with Surprise, and was suddenly alarm'd by the Cries of a Man, who exclaim'd, " All is lost, the State is arriv'd at its utmost Period, the Enemy " have penetrated to the Heart of the " Kingdom ;" which, so desperate Prediction, had no other Foundation, than the Taking a Redoubt, and the Loss of an hundred Men.

I was endeavouring to encourage the affrighted *Microscopists*, when I beheld Ten or Twelve ranging themselves round one who was reading a Score of small Verses ; I was desirous of understanding them, but could comprehend nothing, my Ears were often struck with a harsh Sound, but not a single Idea did it convey to my Mind, nor could I retain in my Memory, after

hearing this Lecture, any Thing but the Words, *Chloris, Hope, Despair, Return, Infidelity*, and the like, while the *Microscopists* extoll'd these Verses, as if they had been Abstracts of the *Eneid* of Virgil, or of the *Phædra* of Racine ; one cries out, *This is Fine* ; another exclaim'd, *This is Perfect* ; a Third, willing to exceed the former, cries out, with an enthusiastic Rapture, *This is Divine !*

I could not recover the Surprise that the Judgment of these *Microscopists* created in me, and I imagin'd I could reap more Advantage by frequenting another Class of Men, call'd the *Concavists*, whose Eyes are form'd (like the Myopes Glasses) concave on both Sides, and every Object appears to them much *smaller* than they really are ; their Minds are accustom'd to think of spiritual Things, as their Eyes judge of the material ; a Person was relating to them, the Loss of a Place which must endanger the whole Province, the *Concavists* laugh'd the Speaker to Scorn, and treated the Affair as a mere Trifle ; another, to whom one was Talking of the Grandeur of *Lewis XIV*, regarded it as a  
Thing



Thing little more considerable than the Fame of a Sovereign, who presided over ten or twelve Parishes.

I found these Men more singular and ridiculous than the former, great Things appear'd not only moderate, but even mean in their Eyes. *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Horace*, were consider'd, by them, as Poets of no Reputation; the First offended against common Sense, the Second had no Dignity of Character, and the Third, had no Delicacy. The Moderns suffer yet more than the Antients, in the Opinion of the *Concavists*, the best of whom they represent as scarcely sufferable; in short, the most eminent Merit becomes in their Sight very inconsiderable, and a Merit of the second Class wholly disappears.

Equally picqu'd with the Judgments of the *Concavists* and *Microscopists*, I endeavour'd to find a Class of Men whose Sight was truer and more just. After much Labour, I perceiv'd certain Persons who look'd at every Object through long Glasses, by which Means, whatever they view'd, was seen in a wrong Point of Light. They always plac'd the Object to be view'd,

either close to the Eye, or at a very great Distance; one could, therefore, never be certain of any Thing among these People; the same Thing, which had one Moment appear'd to them of great Consequence, appearing the very next Instant as inconsiderable, and they talk of Things according to which End of the Glass is turn'd next them.

The *Spyers* appear'd to me as ridiculous, as the People of the former Classes: I was astonish'd to see how much the Blessing which Heav'n has bestow'd on Man, in granting him Eye-sight, was abus'd and render'd useless. I awoke with these Reflexions, and recollected a Verse of *Moliere*, very applicable to the Purport of my Dream:

*How err Mankind from Reason's happy  
Mean!*  
*In ev'ry Action, (sordid, or obscene)*  
*They flatter idly, or condemn with Spleen. (a)*

(a) *C'est que morbleu jamais les hommes n'ont raison,  
Et que je vois qu'ils sont sur toutes les affaires,  
Loueurs impertinens, ou censeurs téméraires.*

## VISION XII.

I THOUGHT myself in a great Theatre, where they were playing a Comedy call'd *Human Nature; or, The Life of Man*. The Actors were superbly dress'd: They seem'd to entertain a great Idea of their Profession, and often assum'd an Air of Superiority over their Audience. When the Spectators thought proper to condemn the Carriage of any Comedian, if they were perceiv'd, the Actors expell'd them with Ignominy, and treated them as if they had been guilty of Blasphemy, or speaking with Disrespect of sacred Persons. Nevertheless, there was frequently heard a loud hissing in the Pit, which extremely mortify'd the Stage Heroes. They made many vain Attempts to discover the Hissers; but they had so conceal'd themselves, as to be imperceptible. I observ'd, that whenever a Comedian committed a Fault, and a Person

hifs'd artfully, the whole Pit seem'd delighted; and the Anger of several, who were frequently hifs'd, diverted them much.

But these, at length, became much exasperated; and they made, among the Audience, the strictest Scrutiny to discover the Offenders: Yet they endeavour'd not to correct those Faults which drew on them this Censure, nor, in any Respect, to play their Parts better: But, adding Misprision to Choler, they affected often to commit those very Faults, which occasion'd them to be hifs'd. I remark'd, that all the good Comedians shew'd a great deal of Regard to the Critics. These, when they were censur'd for any trifling Faults, far from misunderstanding the Disgrace of being hifs'd, endeavour'd to amend, and shew'd not the least Resentment for the Affront they receiv'd. 'Tis true, they waited not long for Consolation: For, whenever they perform'd their Parts well, the Audience justly applauded them, by clapping of Hands. These Applauses were equally misunderstood, by the bad Players; and it seem'd,



to me, that they were angry with their Companions for being sensible of the Friendship and Esteem of the Audience. They disdainfully elevated their Shoulders, at the same Time laughing, with Scorn and Indignation. The Glory of being applauded by the Public, appear'd; to them, a gross Affront: One might see, that they imagin'd themselves to be perfect Gods; and that it became weak Mortals to adore their Decrees, but not to examine the Reason, or the Cause.

Equally surpris'd to see the Comedians misinterpret the Applause, and resent the Censures of the Public; I endeavour'd to learn the Cause which gave these Actors so much Pride and Authority. "Cus-  
"tom," says one (of whom I inquir'd concerning this Matter), "has appropri-  
"ated this Theatre chiefly to the Use of  
"those who rise and obtain a Settlement  
"in it: Which being inherited by the  
"Right of Birth, or obtain'd from the  
"Interest of those who have the sole  
"Power of placing them there; the  
"Actors have assum'd a Right of play-  
"ing their Parts in what Manner they  
E 6 "please.

“ please. They have usurp’d an absolute  
“ Sovereignty over their Spectators; who,  
“ on the other Hand, have not the least  
“ Authority to hiss, on the Risque of  
“ being punish’d, whatever Reason they  
“ may have, in other Respects, to do  
“ it.”

I awoke; reflecting, that, in this Life, the Great are the Comedians, and we the Spectators; who cannot, without Danger, censure their Folly, whatever Enormities they may be guilty of. And I am convinc’d, that those, only, who are truly virtuous, build their Glory on the Love of the Public; and that those, who do not, affect to misunderstand it. *Titus* and *Marcus Aurelius* lov’d their Subjects, and were therefore ador’d by all; *Lewis* studies the Felicity of *France*; *Frederic* that of *Prussia*; and they are equally Objects of their People’s Love: *Caligula* and *Domitian* disregarded Mankind; and they, in their Turns, were equally detested. Ancient and modern History assure us, that all Princes, who have resembled those two *Roman* Emperors, have not been more happy, nor less despis’d.



## VISION XIII.

**I** SLEPT profoundly; and, in my Dream, was firmly persuaded, that I had no Body. My Soul (I thought) was in a great Sea; in the Middle of which it swam, with many other Spirits, that appear'd to be form'd like those little Angels often represented by Painters, in their most celebrated Pieces, having only a Head supported by two Wings. I thought myself, also, converted to such an one; and congratulated the Liberty I enjoy'd; which appear'd, to me, the State of perfect Glory. By the Help of my two Wings (which enabled me, alternately, to swim or fly), I rais'd myself sometimes from the Water, and flew over a vast Expanse of Air. I discover'd and admir'd the Order and Arrangement of the celestial Globes; beheld the Cause of the different Revolutions of the Stars, and measur'd their Courses; then, plunging

ging again into the Water, contemplated on the Wonders which the Sea hides in its Womb, or secret Caverns. And there

*I thought I saw a Thousand fearful Wrecks;  
A Thousand Men that Fishes gnaw'd upon;  
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, Heaps of Pearl,  
Inestimable Stones, unvalu'd Jewels;  
Some lay in dead Men's Skulls, and in those Holes  
Where Eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
As 'twere in scorn of Eyes, reflecting Gems,  
That woo'd the slimy Bottom of the Deep,  
And mock'd the dead Bones that lay scatter'd by.*

In short, all the Secrets of Nature were expos'd to my View; and I ow'd to my Liberty, the Knowledge of that divine Harmony which supports the Universe.

All the Spirits who inhabited that vast Element, wherein I made my common Sojourn, were as happy as myself, and incessantly congratulated themselves on their blissful State. When we had been some Time together, one of them thus address'd me: "Brother," says he, "the  
"Felicity, which we enjoy, is too great to  
"be the Lot of every Spirit: There are  
"cer-



“ certainly somewhere many Beings, much  
“ less favour’d than we : Let us therefore  
“ traverse this immense Ocean, and search  
“ if we cannot find those Spirits who are  
“ less happy, and less enlighten’d, than  
“ ourselves ; perhaps we may find some  
“ who are more so : In that Case, we  
“ may profit from their Lustre and Ex-  
“ ample. Let us, in short, see, if there  
“ be other Spirits, whether they are more  
“ or less happy than we.”

I consented, with Pleasure, to the Proposal ; and, after having swam, during a Period of Time which seem’d to be not less than two Years, we perceiv’d a great Space of Sea surrounded by a Net, which made, as it were, a Park, or Inclosure, in the Middle of the Waves : In this Space were imprison’d, a great Number of Spirits, who appear’d, to me, so meagre and emaciated, that I said, to my Companion,  
“ These Spirits have somewhat the Na-  
“ ture of our Species ; but it is, however,  
“ impossible, that theirs can be intirely  
“ of the Nature of our Souls. Do you  
“ not observe how feeble they are ? Their  
“ Wings are so small, that they are scarcely  
“ per-

“perceptible : They cannot elevate themselves in the Air. Observe,” continu’d I, “ how they fall down into the Water, when they attempt to fly.” “That,” says my Companion, “ is not surprising. Do you not see that there is a kind of Grate which confines them like Prisoners in their Habitation : They are surrounded, on all Sides, by Fillets and Net-work ; so that they can neither swim in the wide Sea, nor fly in the open Air.”

The Moment my Comrade had spoken thus, I observ’d many of these captivated Spirits pass their Noses through the Intervals of the Net-work ; which, I thought, testify’d their eager Desire of playing in (*i. e.* of regaining their) Liberty : It appear’d, also, that their Ambition of flying in the Air considerably increas’d when they perceiv’d us ; but they fail’d in all their Attempts, and were forcibly drawn back to the Middle of the Inclosure. We now beheld a Woman suddenly arise from the Bottom of an Abyss : She elevated herself a little above the Water, and approach’d the Inclosure : She was arm’d with

with a flaming Torch. On a Fillet, which was round the Middle of it, was written, *Superstition*. Whenever she perceiv'd any Spirits put their Noses without the Bands, she ran to them, and burnt them with her Torch: Nor dar'd any of these unfortunate Beings, after her Appearance, venture to the Edge of their Prison, for fear of the like Punishment.

When this infernal Woman had thus depriv'd those Spirits of the little Shadow of Liberty they had left, she open'd the Net underneath, enter'd, and shut it carefully after her: She then call'd to her, some of these miserable Captives: They were those of them who had the meanest and most sordid Air. "I will make you," says she, "the Guardians of my Rights; and ye shall be the Administrators of Justice in my Empire. I perceive, that the Desire of raising themselves above the Element, allotted to Spirits, has prompted many, amongst you, frequently to protrude their Noses thro' the Bands; which, should they break, they would not be safe, but might lose themselves in the unknown Regions."

"which

“ which abound with Genii, who, conti-  
“ nually revelling in a pernicious, un-  
“ bounded, dangerous Freedom, pretend  
“ to rival and imitate the Gods, in their  
“ audacious Enterprizes.

“ To obviate, therefore, such great and  
“ hazardous Abuses, I have determin’d  
“ to establish you *Censors of the Mind*.  
“ Ye shall be employ’d in intangling and  
“ intercepting the Knowledge of what-  
“ ever might tend to elevate the Mind,  
“ or inspire it with too much Grandeur:  
“ Ye shall prevent, as much as possible,  
“ the Knowledge of all metaphysic  
“ Truths: Ye shall suppress, with the  
“ utmost Diligence, and load with great  
“ Difficulties, all (and but with much  
“ Reluctance approve any of) the new  
“ physical Discoveries that have the least  
“ Relation with the Sentiments that would  
“ destroy those Prejudices which are ne-  
“ cessary to confirm Spirits in the Belief  
“ of what I inspire.”

After having thus instructed and establish’d her *Censors*, the *Fiend* created another Employment, to which she gave the Title of *Doctor*. The Spirits, who exercis’d



cis'd this Function, were employ'd in preparing of Philtres, the Venom of which would remove from the Mind, all the Ideas of Liberty; and reconcile it to a Bondage in which it retain'd no Sense of its unhappy Situation. When these *Doctors* have compos'd their Philtres, they infuse them through the Nostrils into the Brain of those whom they were order'd to make stupid: And they call this horrid Operation, *the Art of suggesting Thoughts conformable to the Good of the State, and of learning to subdue Reason.*

In a short Time after these Establishments were made among the imprison'd Spirits, Three-fourths of these unhappy Beings no longer retain'd any Knowledge of their spiritual Essence: They forgot (if I may be allow'd the Expression), perfectly forgot themselves, and no longer endeavour'd to acquire Notions which might elevate their Minds to Contemplations truly useful and sublime. Their chief, and, indeed, only Employment, was, to compose a merry Tale, to cloak a sharp Quibble in an Epigram, or Madrigal; but their highest Excellence lay  
in

in a Ballad; and the most distinguish'd Genii of the Inclosure, those amongst them who were deem'd sublime, were such as, in the Compass of a few Verses, cou'd ridicule the Misfortunes of their fellow Creatures.

The infernal Goddes (I had almost said the Fury) of Superstition, observing the Bondage into which she had drawn those enslav'd Spirits, triumph'd over their Misfortunes, and glory'd in having establish'd such Laws as she thought would subdue any Thing that might rise to subvert her Empire.

But I saw, with an infinite Satisfaction, that she was mistaken; and that amongst the Spirits, thus confin'd, there were many who regretted the Loss of their Liberty: 'Tis true, they seldom dar'd to put their Noses through the Apertures of the Net; because some, who had been denounc'd guilty by the *Censors*, and pursu'd by the *Doctors*, were most severely punish'd. Sometimes they were shut down in Chests, wherein they respir'd only by means of little Openings, made, for that Purpose, in the Wood. In the mean.

mean Time, all the Effect the Dread of this Punishment could produce, on many of the Genii, was, to guard them from being tempted to incur the Displeasure of their infernal Persecutors, and (making a Virtue of Necessity) to rest quietly in their Confinement.

They took Care, however, to avoid being poison'd by the Philtres, which their Doctors, by Violence, forc'd into their Nostrils. Some firmly shut their Noses, and the Liquor was forc'd back, so that none of it could reach the Brain: Others, who, notwithstanding their Precautions, were so unfortunate as not to be able to defend themselves intirely from the Poison, on perceiving any Attack, had Recourse to certain Powders, which made them sneeze so forcibly, that their Brain was effectually purg'd. There were Genii who privately sold these Powders: They were inclos'd in Packets, on which were written the Names of the Chymists who compos'd them. I read, among many different Inscriptions, the following: *Gassendi, Bayle, Grotius, Puffendorf, Locke, JEWISH, Chinese, Persian, Voltaire*

*taire* (a), &c. whoever had recourse to the latter, inquir'd particularly, before they us'd them, if they had been prepar'd any Length of Time, those lately compos'd by that Chymist being much adulterated; Policy, and a Desire of pleasing, or perhaps deceiving, the *Censors*, having prompted him to mix, in his Antidotes, many Ingredients which the *Doctors* employ, in the Composition of their Poisons. Among the different Powders, in Use among the *Genii*, there was one which had, indeed, a miraculous Virtue. It reliev'd and recover'd them more surely than any of the others: But this was only proper for the more refin'd and delicate Spirits, such as have a sprightly, penetrating, and extensive Imagination: It produc'd but little Effect on the Dull and Phlegmatic. This was inscrib'd, *Mon-*

(a) In his Epistle to *Urania*, *Voltaire* has express'd himself in Terms which he has contradicted in some of his later Writings. It appears, indeed, that the Air he breathes in great measure influences his Sentiments, at least his Expressions. There is a great Difference in his *Parisian* and *Berlin* Writings.

*taigne.*



*taigne.* It was compos'd long before any of the other Powders, and was of infinite Service to the Genii, who afterwards compos'd them.

While I was admiring the different Effects of these salutary Powders, I awoke; and could not but apply the Purport of this strange Vision, to those Countries wherein *Censors* are appointed, not only to prevent the Publication of bad Works, capable of degrading the Taste, or annihilating the Understanding; but to suppress, likewise, all that are displeasing to certain *opinionated* MONKS and DOCTORS, no less *ignorant* than *superstitious*.





## V I S I O N    X I V .

**I** THOUGHT myself in a fine Hall, built in Form of an Oval, and superbly ornamented: In it were plac'd many Chairs of State, at unequal Distances; these Chairs were occupied by Persons magnificently dress'd; who were surrounded by a numerous Crowd of Attendants, whose whole Employ was, to wait on them. They had their Eyes always fix'd upon them, the more readily to observe and obey their Orders. The most scrupulous Devotee is less reserv'd, and less humble, at the Foot of the Altar, and before the sacred Host, than these Domestics, before their Masters, notwithstanding many of those Masters were only a Species of the human Race without Speech, and depriv'd also of some of their Members. Nevertheless, though they have neither Tongue, nor Hands, nor Feet: They give Audience, in great Form, to those

those who come to address them; they receive also, in like State, the Memorials which are presented to them. When they are to reply, one of the principal Domestic, who (is generally stil'd *Favourite*, and) is always behind them, leaning on the Back of the Chair, advances gravely, takes his Tongue out of his Mouth, and puts it into that of his Master, who then speaks just as the *Favourite* judges proper: For as it is his Tongue that speaks, so it is his Mind that dictates every Answer; and my Lord loses, with his Tongue, the Use of his Voice. When he wants to write, the same Attendant takes his Hand from his Arm, and fixes it on that of his Master; who, accordingly, writes as he spoke: And if he has Occasion to walk, he makes Use of the same faithful Domestic's Feet.

Among the Persons, seated in these Chairs, the greatest Number seem'd to be of those who acted only by their Proxies, or us'd the Tongue and Hands of their *Favourites*. But there were, also, many Chairs occupied by such as not only spoke and acted of themselves, but like-

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wife

wife restrain'd their Attendants from speaking or acting, without exprefs Orders: And I observ'd, that the Persons, who attended round the Chairs occupied by those Masters who only made Use of their own Tongue, and their own Hands, had an Air infinitely more satisfy'd than they who waited on the Persons who made Use of those of their Favourites; these last being oblig'd not only to shew the same Respect to Idols, without Tongue, Hands, or Feet, as the former do to their Superiors: But it happens, also, that they are forc'd to regard their Masters *Favourites* as a Species of Divinities which contain, within themselves, the purer Essence of the Idol, of which Essence they are the Repositories. This double Subjection gives, to these People, an Air of Meanness which the others have not.

I perceiv'd also, in the Hall, some Chairs, behind which a Woman waited, in Capacity of *Favourite*; and whenever she places her Tongue in the Mouth of *my Lord the Idol*, he appears a very Woman: He prattles impetuously, and frequently talks without knowing what he says.



says. He is always ready to punish whoever the Woman, whose Tongue he uses, loves not; or to recompence some undeserving Domestic, who, by his mean Servility, or Presents, has found the Art of pleasing her.

But the most singular Thing which I saw in this Hall, was, a Woman who was fighting, behind a Chair, with a Male *Favourite*: *She* would have the Idol make Use of *her* Tongue, and the *Favourite*, on the other Hand, would have the Preference given to him. After an obstinate and dubious Combat, the Woman conquer'd her Adversary, by the Assistance of a *Priest*, to whom they gave the Title of *my Lord's Director*; who, being join'd with her, by his auxiliary Aid, gave her the Power of overthrowing her Enemy. When the other Attendants beheld the Fall of their Chief, they rang'd themselves on each Side of the Woman and the Director. I cou'd see them earnestly flattering alternately, by their Gestures and Discourse, the *Mistress* and the *Priest*. They gallanted with her; with him, they were Bigots; and form'd, as it were, a

Species of Worship compos'd of Co-  
quetry, Libertinism, Dissimulation, and  
Hypocrisy. These equally ridiculous and  
grotesque Objects struck my Senses so as  
to awake me; and I reflected, that those  
People are extremely happy, who are go-  
vern'd by a Prince that makes Use of his  
own Tongue, and his own Hands; and is  
neither directed by his Ministers or Mi-  
stresses.





VISION XV\*.

I HAD no sooner fallen asleep, than I thought I beheld a large and bright Cloud, out of which came a Man, who, addressing me with a graceful Air, said thus: “ I am *Racine*, come from the *Elysian Shades*: I have obtain’d Leave of “ the Gods, to revisit the Earth for three “ Months, to learn the State and Progress of the *Belles Lettres*: All the illustrious Authors who were my Contemporaries, *Despereaux*, *Corneil*, with whom “ I am, at this Time, very intimate; *La Fontaine*, *Moliere*, *Le Bruyere*, and many “ other Authors, who, no doubt, are yet “ esteem’d as much as in their Life-time; “ expect, with Impatience, the Report I

\* As this Vision merely relates to the *French Language*, it was necessary, for the Use of those who understand that Tongue, to add, by way of Note, all the Quotations our Author makes Use of; that they may be the better able to enjoy the Spirit of his Rallery.

“ shall make, at my Return, concerning  
 “ the Merit of those Writers who succeed  
 “ them.”

After I was a little recover'd from my  
 Surprise, I thought myself much honour'd,  
 in the Visit of so great a Poet;  
 and, particularly, in the Preference which  
 he had given me, to other Authors. But  
 as I am a zealous Admirer of the *eloquent*  
 Diction of many modern Writers, who  
 have much imbellish'd our Language by  
 enriching it with an infinite Variety of  
 new Words, and Turns of Phrase, equally  
 energetic and ingenious; I found the Fa-  
 shion of *Racine's* Discourse less elegant: I  
 thought, also, his Dialect had something  
 of Rusticity in it, which favour'd of the  
 Vulgar; I therefore resolv'd to let him  
 find, by the Manner in which I answer'd  
 him, that he must, on his Return to  
 Earth, talk very differently from what he  
 us'd when he was before an Inhabitant of  
 it. “ It is a great Glory for me,” says I,  
 “ that you have given me the Preference  
 “ of all our *saliant Spirits*(a), to instruct  
 “ you in that which you desire to know:

(a) *D'Esprits saillans. Disc. Fam. du C.*

“ You



“ You make me, in an Instant, far greater  
 “ than I was during my whole Life ; and  
 “ they may now say of me, what a certain  
 “ Author says of the Cedar, *that (a) it*  
 “ *grows more in an Aurora, than the Hyssop*  
 “ *in a Year.* When I have the Felicity  
 “ to behold so great a Poet as yourself,  
 “ all my Senses are absorb’d in Joy :  
 “ *For your charming Discourse paints Rap-*  
 “ *tures to my Ears ; and the lively Colours*  
 “ *of your Complexion delight my Eyes (b)*  
 “ Methinks I hear you pronouncing *Ada-*  
 “ *ges (c),* in the Middle of the Poets who  
 “ live in the delightful *Shades of Elysium.*  
 “ Undoubtedly you preside at the Court  
 “ of happy Bards : One may apply to  
 “ you, what one of our modern Authors  
 “ has said of the old King of Troy ;

(a) *Qu’il croit plus dans une aurore, que l’hysope en une année. Paraphr. de Gracien, pag. 268.*

(b) *Vos discours charmans peignent à mon oreille ; Et les vives couleurs de votre teint content à mes yeux. La Mothe, Fabl. 18. Liv. 4.*

(c) Il me semble de vous ouïr prononcer des adages,  
 (d) au milieu des Poètes qui vivent dans le délicieux  
*Elisée. Ibid. Fabl. 14. Liv. 3.*

“ *There (a) Priam listen’d to the venerable*  
 “ *Court of Chiefs that he consulted.*”

I made no doubt, but *Racine* would greatly admire my eloquent Compliment; but my Surprise was very great, when he answer’d me, laughing; “ What does all  
 “ this pompous Nonsense mean? Do you  
 “ think I have forgotten my native Lan-  
 “ guage, because, in the other World, I  
 “ have had Opportunities of conversing  
 “ with *Arabian* and *Persian* Authors? I  
 “ thought you would have spontaneously  
 “ recited a Chapter of the *Alcoran*, or  
 “ some Verses of the *SUMA*. Leave, I  
 “ pray you, this Oriental Stile: Let us  
 “ talk naturally, and to be understood,  
 “ with Facility.”

The abrupt Sincerity of *Racine* most sensibly piqu’d me: I took it ill, that he treated as barbarous, a Language which I had selected from Authors of the greatest Reputation: And I answer’d him sourly,  
 “ If your Discourse be antiquated, it is  
 “ not my Fault; much less, if you will  
 “ not endeavour to improve yourself, so

(a) *Là Priam écoutoit la vénérable cour des chefs qu’il consultoit. Là Mothe Iliade, Liv. 3. pag. 44.*

“ as to be able to frequent the Wits and  
“ brilliant Spirits of the present Age,  
“ without appearing ridiculous : You will  
“ vainly affirm to them, that you under-  
“ stand the Language while you talk thus ;  
“ they will regard you as a Clown, whose  
“ barbarous Dialect would corrupt their  
“ Stile.”

“ What !” reply’d *Racine*, with Astonishment, “ do the People, whom you  
“ now call good Authors, write as you  
“ talk ?” “ Certainly,” answer’d I. “ If  
“ you do not mock me,” reply’d the old  
Poet, “ you may justly say, that I must  
“ learn the Language of your modern  
“ Wits ; for it is as different from that  
“ us’d in my Time, as the *Latin* us’d by  
“ the Writers of the third and fourth Cen-  
“ tury of the *Roman* Empire, differs from  
“ that us’d by the Writers of the Court  
“ of *Augustus*. But tell me, pray, do all  
“ Authors, now-a-days, make Use of this  
“ fine Language, which you think polite,  
“ and I ridiculous ?” “ No,” answer’d I,  
“ there are yet some old ones who had the  
“ Misfortune to live in the Time of your  
“ Friend *Desperaux*, who write in the same

“ Manner, as they wrote and talk’d among  
 “ you. There is a certain *Abbè d’Olivet*. ”  
 “ Ho, ho, I know,” says *Racine*, inter-  
 rupting me, “ they say he has written  
 “ against me.” “ That’s true,” says I;  
 “ but he has also written against *Là Bru-*  
 “ *yere*, against *Bayle*, against *Tourneil*, a-  
 “ gainst *Là Fontaine*, against” — “ How ? ”  
 replies *Racine*, “ Does this Man write  
 “ against all the World ? ” “ O no,” an-  
 swer’d I; “ he has made, in his History  
 “ of the Academy of *France*, the Eulo-  
 “ gium of *Cotin* (a); as also of *Chape-*  
 “ *lain* (b). He has given two long De-  
 “ tails on the Merit of those Authors.”  
 “ That’s enough,” says *Racine*; “ I am  
 “ not sorry, that a Man of so degenerate,  
 “ so mean a Taste, should write in a dif-  
 “ ferent Stile from me, and my Cotempo-  
 “ raries.” “ Quite the contrary,” an-  
 swer’d I; “ he is one of the Authors whose  
 “ Stile nearest resembles the Writers whom

(a) *Histoire de l’Académie Française*, pag. 191. & suivantes. Consultez, sur les éloges de *Cotin* & de *Chapelain* par l’*Abbè d’Olivet*; Le second Tome de la *Critique du Siècle*, Lettre 17.

(b) *Ibid.* pag. 148. & suivantes.



“we regard as the best of your Age. His  
 “Stile is as elegant, if we may believe  
 “the Admirers of the old Language, as  
 “that of *Cicero*, whose Works he has  
 “translated into *French*.” “But why,  
 “then,” says *Racine*, “does he blame  
 “Authors, whom he has before justify’d  
 “and defended?” “Through Vanity,”  
 answer’d I, “or perhaps to appear more  
 “learned and enlighten’d than those Au-  
 “thors.” “O! what an evil Vanity!”  
 says *Racine*: “But,” continued he, “is  
 “there then none but this Abbé, who  
 “write in the Language of the Age of  
 “*Lewis* the Fourteenth?” “We have  
 “yet,” answer’d I, “some other Wri-  
 “ters of that Stamp. The principal are;  
 “a *President*, Author of the *Persian Let-*  
 “*ters*; a *Bard*, who has written an Epic  
 “Poem on the *League*; two more *Poets*,  
 “of whom one is the Author of the  
 “Tragedies of *Electra* and *Rhodomiste*;  
 “the other, of the Tragedy of *Gustavus*  
 “*Vassa* (a). I could perhaps name you  
 “four

(a) These four Authors are, Messieurs *Le President de Moatesqaiou*, *Voltaire*, *Crabillon*, and *Pyron*.

“four or five more.” “I know,” says the Poet, “all the Works you mention; “they are arriv’d in the *Elysian* Shades; “and we have decreed them Immortality.”

“But for the Stile,” answer’d I, “we “in this World should think of those “Works as you do. But we find the “Diction not florid enough; they present “to the Mind none but simple, plain, “and natural Ideas: On the contrary, the “Poefy of our brilliant Authors presents “at once a Thousand Ideas to the Imagination.”

One might also place, among the dignify’d Authors of the happy Age of *Lewis* the Fourteenth, *Messieurs Destouches*, *La Chaussée*, *l’Abbé Berni*, *Bernard*, *Fuselier*, Author of the charming Opera of the *Greek and Roman Poets*, and of many Cantatas as good as those of *Roussseau*. There are, besides, some Authors that have only written in Prose; whose Works are as elegant as those of *Quintilian*, who wrote in a Time when the pure *Latin* began to be most sprightly. Eloquence is, at present, more predominant, and much better preserv’d in *France* at the Bar, than in the Chair. We have, now a-days, very great Advocates, but very indifferent Preachers; excepting some great Men, who commenc’d Preaching twenty Years ago, and are yet living.

“gination,

“gination, and reconciles in one Point  
 “of View, those which appear most op-  
 “posite. Judge of it from this De-  
 “scription of the Arms of *Paris*, in the  
 “*Iliad* of *Homer*.

“*I th’ brilliant Rampart of an Armour*  
 “*strong,*

“*His Heart courageous banishes the Throng*  
 “*Of Fears and Doubts: A Sword at once*  
 “*design’d*

“*For Use and Orn’ment, on his Thigh re-*  
 “*clin’d,*

“*Whose Weight magnificent superbly shin’d.* }

“*His Arm sustain’d a rigid Buckler’s Goad,*

“*Aching beneath th’ impenetrable Load:*

“*Next on his Head a gorgeous Helmet shone,*

“*With Gems and Plumage glitt’ring in the*  
 “*Sun:*

“*His Dart he seizes for the last Essay,*

“*And brandishing in Air, defies Dismay (a).”*

“*This*

(a) “*Sous le brillant rempart d’une forte cuirasse*

“*Son cœur bannit la crainte & rappelle l’audace.*

“*D’une*

“ This is something worthy to be call'd  
 “ Poetry, *The brilliant Rampart of an Ar-*  
 “ *mour strong!* Neither you nor *Corneille*  
 “ have

“ *D'une épée, ornement & défense à la fois,*  
 “ *Pendoit à son côté le magnifique poids.*  
 “ *Il a chargé son bras du fardeau secourable*  
 “ *D'un bouclier épais, & presque'impenétrable.*  
 “ *Sur sa tête est un casque, où de cent brins mouvans*  
 “ *Flotte une fière aigrette abandonnée aux vents.*  
 “ *Il prend enfin son dard pour dernier avantage,*  
 “ *Et semble, en l'ébranlant, essayer son courage.*

*La Mothe, Iliade en vers François, Liv. 3. pag. 53.*

This Passage is thus beautifully translated by Mr. Pope, Book III. V. 409.

“ *The beauteous Warrior now arrays for Fight,*  
 “ *In gilded Arms magnificently bright :*  
 “ *The purple Cuiſhes claſp his Thighs around,*  
 “ *With Flow'rs adorn'd, with ſilver Buckles bound :*  
 “ *Lycaon's Corſlet his fair Body dreſt,*  
 “ *Brac'd in, and fitted to his ſofter Breſt ;*  
 “ *A radiant Baldric, o'er his Shoulder ty'd,*  
 “ *Suſtain'd the Sword that glitter'd at his Side :*  
 “ *His youthful Face a poliſh'd Helm o'erspread ;*  
 “ *The waving Horſe-hair nodded on his Head ;*  
 “ *His figur'd Shield, a ſhining Orb, he takes,*  
 “ *And in his Hand a pointed Jav'lin ſhakes.”*

Nobody



“ have ever said any Thing like it. Have  
 “ either of you so brilliant, so lively an  
 “ Imagination, as to say, the *magnificent*  
 “ *Weight of a Sword*? You now would  
 “ have said simply, *the Weight of a mag-*  
 “ *nificent Sword*. Observe again, the Poet  
 “ writes, to *brandish a Dart*; a Term un-  
 “ known to you or your Cotemporaries.  
 “ When the same Poet would express the  
 “ Power which the Caduceus of *Mercury*  
 “ has to make Men sleep, or deprive them  
 “ of Life; observe how nobly he expa-  
 “ tiates on this Idea.”

Nobody ever had more Wit and Spirit, nor nobody perhaps ever will have more, than Mr. *De la Motte*. His *indifferent Works* are full of solid and brilliant Thoughts: I say his *indifferent Works*; such as are his *Fables*, his *Cantatas*, his *Tragedies*, and the Translation of the *Iliad*. For there are many of his Writings which are indeed beautiful. And Mr. *De Voltaire* has pass'd on him a very judicious and equitable Judgment, when he says, in a Note to the *Temple of Taste*, that this Author *has made very fine Odes, delicate Operas, and well-written Dissertations*. It is Pity that, in many of his Works, he has so strongly given into the illogical Fustian; but it is happy that this is only in his indifferent Works.

“ *He*

“ *He the Caduceus bears upon his Arm,*  
 “ *Which, as he wills, exerts a double Charm;*  
 “ *With piercing Noise t’ astonish, or impose*  
 “ *Cold Sleep on mortal Eyes, or ravish from*  
 “ *Repose (a).*

“ Well,” continu’d I, “ did any of your  
 “ Contemporaries ever think of saying,  
 “ *impose on mortal Eyes for to sleep, or ra-*  
 “ *vish from Repose, for to deprive of Life?*

“ It is not only in the Sublime that the  
 “ Poets of our Days are inimitable:  
 “ There are also, in the ludicrous Stile,  
 “ many choice Terms, unknown to you.  
 “ The Jesuit *Du C——* (b), in his Epistle  
 “ to *Stephen the Bookseller*, instead of say-  
 “ ing, I abandon to you my Verses; thus  
 “ ennobles that trivial Thought:

“ Take

(a) “ *Il arme aussi son bras du divin caducée,*  
 “ *Dont la double puissance, à son choix exercée,*  
 “ *Telle qu’un bruit perçant, ou que les froids pavots,*  
 “ *Impose aux yeux mortels, ou ravit le repos.*

La-Mothe, *Iliade en vers François*, pag. 48.

(b) “ Le Jésuite du C. (b) dans son Epître au Li-  
 “ braire *Etienne*, pour dire qu’il lui abandonne ses vers,  
 “ annoblit ainsi cette pensée triviale.”

“ Pre-

"Take my Verses and convert them to fat  
"Cabbage."

"The same Poet, admiring the Beauty  
"and Delicacy of the Phrase *fat Cabbage*,  
"in speaking of the *Trojans*, says thus :

"Of Italy they made their *fat Cabbage*." (a)

"In another Passage, he says, that the  
*Romans* made of the Universe, a *Mate-*  
"lote (b \*), behold ! see what it is to have  
"a lively Imagination, capable of finding  
"out such significant Expressions. Do  
"you not imagine, that you see these  
"Romans over-running the Universe, as  
"the Carp overpowers the other Ingre-

"Prenez mes vers, faites-en vos choux gras."

*Les Poësies du Pere Du Cerceau.*

"Le memê Poëte, sentant la finesse & la délica-  
"tesse des mots *choux gras*, dit, en parlant des  
"Troyens,"

(a) "De l'Italie ils firent leurs choux gras."

(b) Dans un autre endroit il dit que les Romains  
"firent de l'Univers une matelote."

\* *Matelote*, an Hodge-podge, or *French Olio* of  
Fish, composed of Carp, Tench, Eels, or whatever  
else the Cook pleases, the Carp being always in great  
Proportion.

"dients

“ dients of that delicate Composition, and  
 “ that every Kingdom which they inva-  
 “ ded, and annex’d to their Republic, is  
 “ a Bit of the Carp one may throw into  
 “ the Skellet. You must acknowledge  
 “ that your Confederates the *Desperauxs*,  
 “ the *Corneils*, the *Molliers*, the *Là Fon-*  
 “ *tains*, or the *Pellissons*, had but very  
 “ indifferent Ideas and Expressions, in  
 “ Comparifon, to those, which might be  
 “ said to partake of fine Gallantry. Ha!  
 “ if you had but the Knowledge of one  
 “ of our living Authors, to whom our  
 “ new Language is partly indebted for  
 “ its Birth and Perfection, you would ex-  
 “ press yourself more delicately. Is their  
 “ any of your Heroines who has so live-  
 “ ly express’d and discrib’d her Love, as  
 “ the Poet I am speaking of, has express’d  
 “ the Love of the Elm, for the little  
 “ Flowers. (a) “ On

(a) “ *Sur ce gazon les ruisseaux \**

“ *Murmurent leurs amouretes,*

“ *Et l’on voit jusqu’aux ormeaux,*

“ *Pour embrasser les fleuretes,*

“ *Pencher leurs jeunes rameaux.*

\* Fontenelle Opera. — Mr. de Fontenelle is one of those great Men, who, by their Merit, illustrate their native Country, and



“ On the Turf the purling Streams,  
“ Murmur forth their little Flames :  
“ And the stately Elms we see,  
“ Fond of Flora’s fragrant Race,  
“ With each Tendril eagerly  
“ Stoop, the Flow’rets to embrace.”

“ This is at once gallant and sublime,  
“ one can offer Nothing more sprightly  
“ to

and render it the Rival of *Greece* and *Rome* ; but one may justly say, that if *Mr. de Fontenelle* has greatly contributed to the discarding the Philosophy of those who were barbarous and pedantic, and has brought to Light such Matters, as, till his Time, were dark, and impenetrably obscure, to such has had not grown old in Study ; he has also considerably prejudic’d the *Belles Lettres* and the common Stile : the former by insinuating to his Readers, who, for the most Part, are the People in high Life, a Disrespect for the Antients, making them look on the brightest Geniusses of *Rome* and *Athens* as very indifferent ; and the Stile, in giving too much Freedom to the Sallies of his Wit, and expressing them, sometimes, in a romantic Manner. Whatever Esteem we may have for the superior Merit of *Mr. de Fontenelle*, one cannot help condemning him, for having introduc’d an affected Manner of explaining himself by a labour’d and stiff Expression, which has been imitated by many Writers, who have not his Genius, and has considerably hurt our Language, and ruin’d the Stile of Three-fourths of our Authors ; his Eclogues are written with a great Deal of Spirit, but there is here and there one, in which he has given too much Scope to the Sallies of his Imagination, and the Pleasure of a debauch’d Thought, more Brilliant than Solid ; there are also in those Eclogues, some  
Passages

“ to the Imagination, than those *Streams*  
 “ *murmering their little Flames* ; nor any  
 “ Thing more sublime than those tall  
 “ *Elms*, who elevate their hoary Heads  
 “ even to the Clouds, and, at the same  
 “ Time, stoop (and incline each Tendril)  
 “ to embrace and carress not only the  
 “ *Flowers*, but also the *Flowerets*, that is  
 “ to say, the very *smallest Flowers*. Which,  
 “ however Mean they may appear in our  
 “ Eyes, nevertheless to embrace them,  
 “ the Elm reclines her young Branches ;  
 “ the same Poet, who has wrote with  
 “ great Force and Energy on the Indiffe-

Passages, where Mr. de Fontenelle affects to be too simple and  
 natural. Mr. de Voltaire has with Reason said of him :

\* *Your sagacious sprightly Muse,*  
*Wanton, artful, and profuse ;*  
*Spoils with useless Colours quite,*  
*What from Nature shines so bright.*

Whatever He may be, the Pastorals of Mr. de Fontenelle, al-  
 though very ingenious, are much inferior to those of *Virgil*,  
 notwithstanding the Criticism he has made on those of that La-  
 tin Poet, in his *Digression on the Antients* ; a very indifferent  
 Work, and much unworthy of so great a Man as Mr. de Fon-  
 tenelle.

\* *Votre Muse, sage & riante,*  
*Devoit aimer un peu moins l'art.*  
*Ne la gatez point par le fard,*  
*Sa couleur est assez brillante.*

“ rene

“rence of the Eclogues of *Virgil*, and  
 “the Rusticity of those of *Theocritus*,  
 “gives us an Example of the elegant  
 “Simplicity which should be the Basis of  
 “*pastoral Poetry*. You and your Friends  
 “were great Admirers of the Ancients,  
 “but, now a Days, thank God, we *better*  
 “Writers, much despise them. And  
 “wherefore? Is it not because we per-  
 “ceive how far those *Ancients*, so much  
 “admir’d, are inferior to ourselves? But to  
 “convince you, hear the Example I speak  
 “of. (a) ATIS.

ATIS.

“ (a) Où vas tu, *Licidas* ;

LICIDAS.

“ Je traverse la plaine,

“ Et vais même monter la colline prochaine.

“ ATIS.

“ La course est assez longue.

“ LICIDAS.

“ Ab ! s’il étoit besoin,

“ Pour le sujet qui me mene,

“ Je pourrais aller plus loin.

“ ATIS.

“ Il est aisé de t’entendre ;

“ Toujours de l’amour.

“ LICIDAS.

“ Toujours.

“ Que faire sans les amours ?

“ Qui viendrait me les défendre,

“ Je finirois là mes jours.”

ATIS.

“ *Where haste you Licidas ?*

LICIDAS.

“ *Across the Plain,*

“ *The neighbour Mountain’s Brow, I mean  
to gain.*

ATIS.

“ *The Way is long :*

LICIDAS.

“ *Ah ! were it longer far,*

“ *From such a Call, no Danger should debar.*

ATIS.

“ *I understand you well ; What always*

“ *Love ?*

LICIDAS.

“ *Ay always, always, by the Powers above ;*

“ *No State were happy, but for this Relief,*

“ *And Death were welcome, welcome to my*

“ *Grief.*”

I was going to finish the Recital of this divine Eclogue, and, intended afterwards, to expatiate on the principal Beauties, when Racine recollecting himself, like a Man

re-



recover'd from a Lethergy, interrupted me smartly; "I am lost," (said he) "and shall think myself eternally unhappy, if my Son has in the least learnt those false Ideas, or the ridiculous Language of the Writers you vaunt;" "Comfort yourself," says I, "your Son is not yet so happy as to be their Emulator; he has hitherto preserv'd the Stile of his Father." "Ha! I breath again," answer'd *Racine*, "but tell me, I pray," continued he, "what do the People think of him, those, I mean, who Regard the good Writers of the Age of *Lewis XIV*, as the Models which all who would write well, ought to follow, for I little value their Esteem who are the Admirers of your *illogical* Language."

These last Words picqu'd me considerably, and I thought myself bound to endeavour at altering the Sentiments of *Racine*; I attempted, therefore, to speak with all possible Purity, and pitying him, that he was not at all affected with the Beauty of those Morfels I recited to him, I answer'd in the following Terms, "Your  
" Son

“ Son has written a Poem on Religion,  
 “ which has been censur’d by his Ene-  
 “ mies, for a *labour’d Versification* (a) by  
 “ the Manner in which his Poem is con-  
 “ ducted ; we conclude, *That the wor-*  
 “ *thy Heir of a second SOPHOCLES* (revi-  
 “ *ving his noble Genius*) *has written Part*  
 “ *of his Poem in pure Advancement of his*  
 “ *Inheritance* (b). It appears that it is him  
 “ whom one of our best Poets has in View,  
 “ when he says, *of Glory and of Plunder*  
 “ *make*

(a) “ *Votre fils a donné un Poëme sur la Religion,*  
 “ *dont la versification a été trouvée, même par les*  
 “ *gens qui ne l’aiment point, une versification pensée.*  
 “ *A la façon dont son Poëme est conduit,* (b)  
 “ *on*

(a) *Mémoires de Trevoux, Mai 1726.*

(b) *Mr. de la Mothe, Fab. 16. Liv. 1. Speaking of Coy-  
 pel, who painted as well as his Father then living, says, \**

*Coypel, thou worthy Heir of a new Appelles,*  
*Who reviving his sublime Industry,*  
*Hast given the Part of thy Pencil,*  
*In pure Advancement of thine Inheritance.*

\* *Coypel, digne héritier d’un Appelle nouveau.*  
*Qui, réveillant sa sublime industrie,*  
*T’es fait donner la part de son pinceau*  
*En pur avancement d’boirie.*

“ *make a common Purse (a)* ; in Effect as  
 “ you are again an Inhabitant of the up-  
 “ per World, he will make, without  
 “ Doubt, with you a common *Purse* of  
 “ Glory. Your Son has never yet writ-  
 “ ten for the Stage, whether it be Com-  
 “ plaisance for the *Jansenists*, or whether  
 “ it be Fear of not succeeding, he has not  
 “ attempted a single Tragedy, and has al-  
 “ ways regarded the Comedians, only as  
 “ simple Heroes of Drollery and Ca-  
 “ pers (*b*). He has made many Travels,  
 “ but he has not been a *clandestine Tra-*  
 G “ *veller* ;

“ on croiroit que *digne héritier d'un Sophocle nouveau,*  
 “ *réveillant sa noble industrie, il s'est fait donner la part*  
 “ *de son Poëme en pur avancement d'hoirie.* Il paroît  
 “ que c'est lui qu'avoit en vûe un de nos meilleurs  
 “ Poëtes, lorsqu'il a dit (*a*) *de glorie & de butin-faire*  
 “ *bourse commune.* En effet, si vous étiez encore ha-  
 “ bitant du *haut Monde*, il feroit sans doute bourse  
 “ commune avec vous de gloire. Votre fils n'a  
 “ jamais voulu travailler pour le théâtre. Soit com-  
 “ plaisance pour les Jansénistes, soit crainte de ne  
 “ pas réussir, il n'a fait aucune Tragédie, & a re-  
 “ gardé les Comédiens comme de simples *héros en*  
 “ *gambades & en cabrioles (b).* Il a fait plusieurs

(a) La Mothe, *Fab.* 4. *Liv.* 4.

(b) *Héros de Gracien, Paraphr.*

“ *veller* (a) ; on the contrary, he has ap-  
 “ pear’d like a Star, and the elegant Jour-  
 “ nalists of *Trevoux*, have said of his Sub-  
 “ ject, *there has appear’d* (b) *and disap-*  
 “ *pear’d* at Paris, a literary PHÆNOME-  
 “ NON, *which afterwards appear’d* at Mar-  
 “ seilles, *to repair to Sea*. You will say,  
 “ perhaps, that in our modern Language,  
 “ the Word *Phænomenon* is not always  
 “ equally noble ; because sometimes it  
 “ may signify a Cabbage. I am sensible  
 “ that if we say *simply*, your Son has ap-  
 “ pear’d *like a Phænomenon*, the Commem-  
 “ oration might be equivocal, but it is the  
 “ Epithet annex’d to it, that decides the  
 “ Sense of the Word ; (c) the *Phænome-*

“ non

“ *voïages*, mais il ne les a pas faits en *voïageur* *clan-*  
 “ *desin* (a) : au contraire il a paru comme un astre,  
 “ & les élégans Journalistes de *Trevoux* ont dit à  
 “ son sujet (b) : *Il a paru & disparu à Paris un Phé-*  
 “ *nomène Litteraire, qui depuis a paru à Marseille pour*  
 “ *reparoître à Salus.*”

(c) “ Un *Phénomène potager* n’est qu’un choux, ou  
 “ une grosse rave ; un *Phénomène littéraire*, c’est un

(a) La Mothe, *Fab.* 13. *Liv.* 1.

(b) *Mémoires de Trevoux.*

(c) La Mothe, *Fabl.*

“ bon



“ *non of a Kitchen Garden, is but a Cab-*  
 “ *bage, or a great Raddish ; but a lite-*  
 “ *rary Phænomenon is a good Poet, or a*  
 “ *great Historian. Nor is it astonishing,*  
 “ *that your Son has appear'd like a Phæ-*  
 “ *nomenon, since, from his tender In-*  
 “ *fancy, he has given Education to his Ge-*  
 “ *nius (a) ; moreover, he was born very*  
 “ *humane, (b) and this Character has pre-*  
 “ *sided over all his Ideas ; he knows the*  
 “ *Value of that fugitive Treasure (c)*  
 “ *which the Vulgar call Time, and he em-*  
 “ *ploys it to season his Works (d) with the*  
 “ *true attic Salt ; attentive to all that may*  
 “ *contribute to his Instruction in his Mo-*  
 “ *ments of Leisure, he walketh in past*

G 2

“ Ages,

“ *bon Poëte, ou un grand Historien. (a) Il donna*  
 “ *de l'education à son esprit. D'ailleurs il étoit né très*  
 “ *humain (b), & ce caractère a toujours présidé sur toutes*  
 “ *ses idées. Il connoissoit le prix du trésor fugitif (c) :*  
 “ *ce trésor est ce que le Vulgaire appelle le tems, &*  
 “ *il l'emploioit à (d) saupoudrer ses Ouvrages de sel At-*  
 “ *tique. Attentif à tout ce qui peut servir à son in-*  
 “ *struction, dans ses momens de loisir ill se prome-*

(a) *Spectateur François*, pag. 121.

(b) *Ibid.* pag. 13.

(c) La Viséde, Secret. perpétuel de l'Académie de Marseille, dans un *Discours*, prononcé à l'Académie Française.

(d) *Préface des Poésies diverses.*

“ *noit*

“ Ages (a), and collecting under his Eyes  
 “ a great Number of dispers’d Facts, he  
 “ makes the *sedentary Travels* (b); if any  
 “ one molests him in his Occupation, he  
 “ *darteth* (c) a Glance from his Eye, in such  
 “ Sort, that those who would have dis-  
 “ turb’d him are so astonish’d, that *their*  
 “ *Eyes dare hardly fix on his Altitude* (d);  
 “ in short, when one considers the Vir-  
 “ tues with which your Son is endow’d,  
 “ one may say, that *Nature has, to him,*  
 “ *spar’d*

“ *noit* (a) dans les siècles passés, & rapprochant sous ses  
 “ yeux un grand nombre de faits dispersés, il faisoit  
 “ des *voïages sédentaires* (b). Si quelqu’un vouloit le  
 “ détourner de ses occupations, il lui *lançoit un coup*  
 “ *d’œil en* (c) *dessous*, en sorte que celui, qui avoit  
 “ voulu le distraire, étoit si étonné, que *ses yeux n’é-*  
 “ *toient presque se fixer à leur hauteur* (d). Enfin lorf-  
 “ que l’on considère les vertus dont votre fils est

(a) La Mothe, *Fab.* 1. *Liv.* 4, dit.

*Nouveau Mentor d’un nouveau Télémaque,*  
*Toi, qui le promenant par les Siècles.*

(b) Le même Mr. de la Mothe dit dans le même endroit :

*Dans ses voïages sédentaires*  
*Tu le conduis, sans crainte des naufrages.*

(c) Crebillon, le Fils, *Les Egaremens de l’Esprit & du Cœur*,  
 pag. 145.

(d) Idem, *Grigry*, pag. 54.

“ *doué,*

“ (a) spar’d nothing of that which might  
 “ excite a Self-love, sufficient to make him  
 “ vain and arrogant, yet, notwithstanding  
 “ ing, he is MODEST ; and, I believe, he  
 “ has given but one single Advantage to his  
 “ Enemies (b) ; it is, however, to make  
 “ his Court to the Pedants, and other  
 “ Admirers of the Ancients, that he has  
 “ plac’d you infinitely inferior to *Euri-*  
 “ *pides*, in the Parallel he has drawn of  
 “ one of your Pieces, with one of that  
 “ Poet.” “ I can forgive him,” says  
*Racine*, “ that Oversight, in Considera-  
 tion of his Zeal for the good ancient Au-  
 thors, and for his Attachment to the true  
 unadulterated *French* Language ; but not-  
 withstanding the Superiority which he  
 gives *Euripides* over me, there is not a  
 Poet in the *Elysian Shades* dare dispute it  
 with me : And *Desperaux*, who under-  
 stands the *Greek* as well as my Son, and

“ douë, on peut dire que la nature (a) ne lui a rien  
 “ épargné de tout ce qui peut inviter l’amour propre à  
 “ n’être pas modeste. Cependant il l’est, & je crois  
 “ qu’il n’a donné (b) qu’une seule prise à ses ennemis.

(a) Mariveaux, *Epître dédicatoire de la double Inconscience*.

(b) *Dissertations Littéraires*, pag. 82.

is in Matters of Poetry as competent a Judge; has made all the good Poets of every Age in our celestial Habitations, subscribe to the Decision which he has given in these Verses, while he liv'd :

*The Honour of the Gallic Stage,  
The Wonder of each learned Sage;  
Whose Writings raise the beary Head  
Of fam'd Sophocles, from the Dead;  
And fraught with every Art refin'd,  
That mend the Heart, and charm the Mind,  
Does ev'n Euripides excel,  
And matches with the great Corneill."* (a)

" It is true," says I to *Racine*, " you have been a great Poet, and you are to this Day esteem'd as such, by the Partizans of the Ancients, and the Moderns who admire them. They agree, in general to your Merit; but some Moderns, who pay no Respect to *Virgil* or *Horace*, assert, that you are not arriv'd at a certain Degree of Elevation,

(a) *Du théâtre François l'honneur & la merveille,  
Il fut ressusciter Sophocle en ses Ecrits,  
Et dans l'art d'enchanter les cœurs & les esprits,  
Surpasser Euripide, & balancer Corneille.*

and,



and, in giving you great Commendations, they reproach you with the same Defects which they imagine they perceive in the Ancients ; if you had been less natural, you would have appear'd to them more sublime." " I understand you," says *Racine* smiling ; " a little pompous Nonsense had acquir'd me from these Critics, the Title of Sublime." " No, no," replied I, " it is not Nonsense that they require of you, it is a certain Force in your Characters, for they never say of your Heroes, what has been said so elegantly in the modern Language of those of a late tragic Poet. *The Villains that C\*\*\* (a) has introduc'd on the Stage, are illustrious Villains, that excite your Horror, and challenge your Admiration ; you avow your Aversion of them, yet pay them profuse Respect.*" " Tell me," says *Racine*, " is it possible to understand at *Paris*, now-a-days, what you are talking of ?" " How," answer'd I,

(a) " *Les scélérats, que C—— a mis sur le théâtre, sont des scélérats illustres qui excitent votre horreur, & révéndiquent votre admiration, vous leur voüez votre haine, en leur prodiguant vos respects.*"

Discours Familiars, Du C——.

possible to understand? You mock me sure! We read a Book, and we understand a theatrical Poem written in this Taste with as much Ease, as one reads of your Time the Translation of *Quintus Curtius*, by *Vaugellas*, and as one understands one of your Tragedies." "This is very pleasant, indeed," replies *Racine*. "I never doubted, and I now firmly believe, that what you tell me, is one of the *Ænigma's* which are put into the *Mercurè Gallant*; but do the Historians now-a-days write in a parallel Style?" "Without Doubt," answer'd I; "and our most celebrated Historians, take great Care, not to imitate the Stile of *Vertot* or *Rapin*."

"You would much oblige me," says *Racine*, "if you would give me an Idea of their Stile by a few Examples from those Historians whom you seem to admire." "Willingly," reply'd I: "Behold several Methods of talking nobly and elegantly, selected, at random, from our best Historians. I will relate them to you as they occur to my Memory. \* They said,

\* "On disoit, lorsque vous viviez, les citoyens Ro-  
" mains.

faid, when you was living, the *Citizens of Rome*; now-a-days that Phrase is obsolete: *The Burgesses (a) of Rome, finding that they had rais'd, from among themselves, their most zealous Defenders.*—The same Author, in another Passage, says, *he did, without the Help of the refractory Burgesses (b).* By the Words *Funeral-pile*, you understood formerly the Pile on which the Ancients burnt their dead Bodies. Now, this too, is obscure: The same Historian always says, the *mortuary Pile (c).* This Epithet is new, and charming. The

G 5

Word.

“ *mains.* Aujourd’hui ces mots ont vieilli: (a) *Les bourgeois de Rome sentirent qu’ils s’étoient enlevés à eux-mêmes leurs plus zélés défenseurs.*—Le même Auteur dit dans un autre endroit, *il se passa du secours des réfractaires bourgeois (b).* Par le mot de *bucher*, vous entendiez autrefois le bucher où l’on bruloit les corps; cela étoit obscur. Le même Historien dit toujours, *le bucher mortuaire (c):* Cette épithète est charmante. Le mot d’*équipée* ne se disoit autrefois qu’en parlant de la sottise de quelque jeune étourdi. Notre Historien l’emploie élégamment dans son Histoire Romaine; voici comment il parle de la fuite de Clélie.” “ *Il*”

(a) *Hist. Romaine*, par les *Peres Catrou & Rouillé*, de la Compagnie de Jesus, Tom. 2. pag. 397.

(b) *Ibid.* Tom. 3. pag. 60.

(c) *Hist. Romaine*, Tom. 2. pag. 108.

Word *Indiscretion* was only us'd formerly, in speaking of the Folly of a young giddy-headed Fellow : Our Historian employs it elegantly, in his *Roman History*. Observe how he talks of the Flight of *Clelius*. (a) *He sent, into the Camp, Envoys, to make Protestations to the King, that the INDISCRETION of the young Romans was only the Effect of a Caprice very pardonable at their Age.* This Word is so noble, that the same Author inserts it very often, *the Samnites reproach'd their Countrymen with the INDISCRETION of Paleopolis* (b).

\* Insolvent, when *Vaugellas* and *Despreaux* liv'd, was only a barbarous Term of Chi-

(a) " *Il envoia au camp des Etrusques faire des protestations au Roi, que l'équipée des jeunes Romains n'étoit que l'effet d'un caprice pardonnable à leur âge.* Le mot d'équipée est si noble, que le même Auteur s'en sert très souvent, *les Samnites reprocherent à leurs compatriotes l'équipée de Paleopolis* (b).

\* " *Insolite, lorsque Vaugelas & Despreaux vivoient, étoit un terme barbare de la chicane.* Nos Historiens l'ont tiré de la poudre du Barreau, & l'ont annobli. Il est aujourd'hui du bel usage, & se trouve presque dans toutes les pages des Histoires écrites élégamment. En voici plusieurs exemples.

(a) *Hist. Romaine, Tom. 2. pag. 63.*

" On



Chicanery. Our Historians have rescu'd it from the Dust of the Bar ; and have ennobled it. It is, at present, in frequent Use, and of great Esteem. It is found in almost every Page of History that is elegantly written. \* Here are a few Examples : (a) *One prov'd that he has receiv'd Money to establish an INSOLVENT Law — It is an Assortment INSOLVENT (1) — They took a Way INSOLVENT (2) — Before they attempted an Enterprize so INSOLVENT (3) — A Tribune alone oppos'd himself to the INSOLVENT Demands of his Colleagues (4) — An INSOLVENT Government (5) — An INSOLVENT Enrolement (6) — See, now, acknowledge*

\* The Quotations are so blended, by the Author, with the Substance of his Discourse, that it was not possible to introduce them more concisely, with any Degree of Propriety.

(a) "*On prouva qu'il avoit reçu de l'argent pour porter une loi insolite — C'étoit un assortiment insolite (1) — Ils prirent une voie insolite (2) — Avant que de tenter une entreprise si insolite (3) — Un Tribun jent s'opposa à la demande insolite de ses collegues (4) — Un gouvernement insolite (5) — Un enrolement insolite (6).*"

(a) *Hist. Romaine, Tom. 2. pag. 306.*

(1) *Ibid. Tom. 3. pag. 76.* (2) *Ibid. pag. 301.*

(3) *Ibid. pag. 105.* (4) *Ibid. pag. 324.*

(5) *Ibid. pag. 338.* (6) *Ibid. pag. 504.*

ledge," says I, "that all these Phrases appear to you very *insolvent*: This, of the same Historian, will not, I believe, appear to you, much better. *He sav'd the Day to his Enemy*(a). You us'd to say, in your old Language, *he sav'd the Life of his Enemy*; that it is to talk uncouthly: Again you would have said the cruel Revolutions; but we say, *the Revolutions extremely severe*(b). You also would have said, *to taste the Fruits of a wise Government*; which ought to be thus written, *to PERCEIVE the Fruits of a SAGE Government*(c). As for Example; (d) *Rome*

"Avoüez, continuai-je, que toutes ces phrases vous  
 "paroissent bien *insérites*; celle ici du même Historien  
 "ne vous le semblera pas moins: *Il sauva le jour à*  
 "*son ennemi*(a). Vous eussiez dit dans votre vieux  
 "langage, *il sauva la vie*. Voilà ce que c'est que  
 "de parler Gaulois. Vous diriez encore *des révolu-*  
 "*tions cruelles*, & l'on doit dire *des révolutions outre-*  
 "*ment sévères*(b). Je suis encore assuré que vous  
 "écrieriez *gouter les fruits d'un sage gouvernement*. On  
 "doit écrire *percevoir les fruits d'un sage gouverne-*  
 "*ment*; (c) en voici la preuve. (d) *Rome ne perçut pas*  
 "*longtems les fruits qu'elle avoit esperés du gouverne-*  
 "*ment d'un si sage vieillard*."

(a) *Hist. Romaine*, Tom. 5. pag. 130.  
 pag. 10.

(b) *Ibid.* Tom. 2.  
 (c) *Ibid.* Tom. 2, pag. 40.

PERCEIV'D not, of long Time, the Fruits which she hoped for, from the Government of so SAGE an old Man. Again; they alone PERCEIV'D the Emoluments of our Victories (a). How do you like that Expression? The EMOLUMENTS, for the Fruits of our Victory?

Our Historians are not contented with enriching the Language with a great Number of Expressions formerly out of Use: They have nobly employ'd those which appear'd the most base; *they thought the Romans at their HEELS* (b)! What Elegance! what Nobility of Expression!"

"But *à propos*, of the Elegance and noble Simplicity which we find united and blended together, in the Works of our modern Historians. I believe there are few Things, which can be compar'd with this Portrait which one of them has given

(a) "Autre preuve. Seuls ils perçurent les émolumens de nos victoires. Comment trouvez vous cette expression, les emolumens de nos victoires, pour dire le fruit de nos victoires?" Hist. Romaine, Tom. I. p. 195.

(b) "Ils crurent les Romains à leurs talons." Hist. Romaine, T. 2. p. 34.

of Cyrus. Presently, says he, they (a) equipp'd the little CYRUS as a Cup-bearer; he advanc'd gravely, his Napkin under his Arm, and holding the Cup delicately between three Fingers: I apprehended, says the little Cyrus, that this Cup was poison'd. How so? Yes, PAPA. Can one, after this, vaunt the Portraits of Sallust? Ought we not to acknowledge, that that *Latin Writer* was but an indifferent Painter, in Comparison with our modern Historian? What Force of Imagination, in the Objects he presents to his Readers! First, it is the young Cyrus himself, equipp'd like a Cup-bearer, marching gravely, his Napkin under his Arm: What an Image! Again; 'tis the same Cyrus holding the Cup *delicately*: But where? With what? In what? By what? How many Questions might not one ask? The Reader does not expect, and cannot enough ad-

(a) " *Aussi-tôt, on équipe le petit Cyrus en échançon: il s'avance gravement, sa serviette sur l'épaule, & tenant la coupe délicatement entre trois doigts, J'ai apprehendé, dit le petit Cyrus, que cette coupe ne fût du poison. Comment cela? Oui, mon Papa.*" Rollin, Tom. 3. p. 305.



mire this Answer, *between THREE Fingers.* Severe Exactitude! and worthy to be one Day observ'd by the Commentators. The Historian particularly recounts the Number of Fingers with which *Cyrus* held the Cup: He makes Use of but three, not four, much less five. But observe the Point in which the Historian has attain'd the Perfection of his Art: Having, as yet, only presented to the Mind of the Reader, familiar and gracious Ideas, such as the Napkin, and the Cup; he surprises them, all at once, with the Name of *Poison*; and, for fear it \* should be too strong, diminishes, in some measure, a Part of the Horror, by those Expressions, so tender, and so worthy the Majesty of an Historian, YES, PAPA."

I continu'd to make the Eulogium of our best Historians; and I had not forgotten, in speaking of their Works, to make mention of the *Revolutions of Spain*, written by *Father Orleans*. I was ready not only to commend the Stile of that Work, which approach'd pretty near that of the *Roman History*, but would also

\* *The Surprise.*

have

have mention'd several very probable Facts; reported by that grave Writer, and began by this, *Alcmon* (a) *lost no Time, he made Advance towards the Carriers, the first of the Battalions; and as soon as they were carry'd, he order'd them to attack those, and other Nations of the Goths, which presented themselves first. They rain'd upon them, a Shower of Stones and Darts, with which they had been crush'd, if the Arrows had not been retorted on those that detach'd them, by an invisible Hand: On which, the Moors alone felt the Blows. It was impossible for me to say so much to Racine, as I propos'd. He interrupted me, and hastily demanded, if our modern Philosophers express'd themselves in the same Manner as our Poets, and Histo-*

(a) “ *Alcmon ne perdit point de tems, il fit avancer  
 “ vers la carrière le premier des bataillons, & aussitôt qu'ils  
 “ furent à portée, il ordonna d'attaquer ceux des Gots qui se  
 “ présenterent les premiers. On fit pleuvoir sur eux une  
 “ grêle de pierres & de traits, dont ils auroient été accablés,  
 “ si ces flèches n'eussent été relancées contre ceux qui les dé-  
 “ cochoient; & cela par une main invisible dont les Mau-  
 “ res seuls ressentoient les coups.*” Révolutions d'Espagne,  
 &c. Tom. 1. p. 46.

rians.

rians. \* “Many of our Philosophers,”  
 reply’d I, “content not themselves, to  
*surprise Nature on the Fact, (a) and to dis-*  
*cover Truths which divide and subdivide,*  
*and ramify almost to Infinity (b):* But they  
 pour their good Deeds upon all that ap-  
 proach them; as for Example, *the (c)*  
*House of Mr. Fagon, DID resemble, those*  
*Temples of Antiquity, wherein were deposited*  
*the Ordinances and Remedies which suited*  
*different Evils.* ’Tis true, that all are  
 not so attentive as Mr. Fagon, there are  
 some who neglect their proper Duties.  
 (d) Mr. de Monmort let his House go at  
 the Pleasure of his Domestics, and spent a

\* “Plusieurs de nos Philosophes, répondis-je, ne  
 “se contentent pas de *surprendre la nature sur le*  
 “*fait (a—1), & de découvrir des vérités qui se (2) divi-*  
 “*sent, se subdivisent, & se ramifient (b) presque à l’in-*  
 “*fini; mais ils répandent leurs bienfaits sur tous ceux*  
 “qui les approchent. Par exemple, *la maison de Mr.*  
 “*Fagon (c—3) ressembloit à ces Temples de l’antiquité, où*  
 “*étoient en dépôt les ordonnances & les recettes, qui conve-*  
 “*noient aux maux différens.* (d—4) Mr. de Monmort  
 “*laisoit aller sa maison comme il plaisoit à ses domestiques,*  
 “*& dépensoit beaucoup en négligence.”*

(1) Fontenelle, *Eloge de Mr. de Tournesfort.*

(2) *Eloge de Mr. Leibnitz.*

(3) *Eloge de Mr. Fagon.*

(4) *Eloge de Mr. de Monmort.*

great deal negligently: In which he was wrong. For a Philosopher should take as much Care, to regulate his House, as a *Lieutenant de Police*, to regulate a City: I acknowledge that this is much more difficult than it at first appears to be. (a) *The Citizens of a well-manag'd City rejoice in the Order in which it is establis'd, without considering, what Pains it cost them, who establis'd or preserve it; in the same Manner as Men rejoice in the Regularity of the celestial Movements, without having the least Knowledge. And thus the more a political Government resembles, by its Uniformity, that of the heavenly Bodies, the more are they insensible, and, consequently, it is the more unknown, as it is more perfect.*"

(a) " *Les citoyens d'une ville bien policée jouissent de l'ordre qui y est établi, sans songer combien il en coûte de peine à ceux qui l'établissent, ou le conservent; à peu près comme tous les hommes jouissent de la régularité des mouvemens célestes, sans en avoir aucune connoissance: Et même plus l'ordre d'une police ressemble par son uniformité à celui des corps célestes, plus il est insensible, Et par conséquent il est toujours d'autant plus ignoré qu'il est plus parfait.*" *Eloge de Mr. d'Argenson.*

" *Bless*



“Bless me,” cries *Racine*, “leave the Stars, the Planets, and the heavenly Movements: and, if possible, talk to me in a Manner that I may understand you, without torturing my Mind. What? to convince me that civil Policy is useful and necessary, do you run into an astronomical Dissertation?” “I am sorry,” answer’d I, “to have displeas’d you; but I have the Misfortune of thinking too much; Mr. *Leibnitz* had the same Defect: (a) *It was a hard Matter sometimes, to make him speak, because he thought too much, and that, the Dose of Things which he had in his Head, was a great deal too strong, to be utter’d by a Dose of Words.*” “A Dose of Words!” says *Racine*; “Good God! what Expressions! If Words had Knowledge, I believe *Dose* and *Words* would be much astonish’d, to see themselves thus following one another: I am assur’d that they were never before seen together, and

(a) “*Il pénoit même quelquefois à parler; ce qui venoit de ce qu’il pensoit trop, & que la dose des choses qu’il avoit dans sa tête, y étoit beaucoup trop forte par rapport à la dose des paroles.*” *Eloge de Mr. Leibnitz.*

could

could not have thought that they ever would be!" "This," says I, "is one of the extraordinary Talents of our modern Writers; and many do not content themselves with only reconciling Expressions the most foreign from each other; but they ally Ideas which seem the most contrary: For Example, one of our Philosophers makes mention of the Bottle, the Purse, and the Head, *à propos* to the Question on the Vacuum: (a) *Let us see*, says he, wittily, *if there be any Vacuum in Nature; or if there be no other than that, which, according to the vulgar Language, is often found, in the BOTTLE, in the PURSE, or in the HEAD.* Is not this very Gallant! O! our Philosophers, infuse Wit, through all: Even those who are the Admirers of the Ancients, and who write as they wrote, when you was in the World, think themselves oblig'd to say some bright

(a) "*Voions, dit-il spirituellement, s'il y a du vuide dans la nature, ou s'il n'en est point d'autre que celui, qui, selon le langage du Vulgaire, se trouve souvent dans la bouteille, dans la bourse, ou dans la tête.*"

(a) *Entretiens Physiques d'Ariste & d'Eudoxe, ou Physique nouvelle en Dialogues, par le Pere Regnault. de la Compagnie de Jesus, Tom. 1. pag. 37.*

Things.

Things in their serious Works. A modern Author, who is your great Admirer, after having enumerated the principal Axioms of Logic, says; To all these Axioms(a), *I shall add one as evident, to all who know you; ONE CAN SEARCH NOWHERE FOR PERFECT BEAUTY, BUT IN MADAM D\*\*\*. Some ill-natur'd Pedant, perhaps, or some scholastic Critic, will dispute with me, the Evidence of this Proposition; but your Eyes, if you ever deign to glance by Accident on them, will convince them of its Truth.* There is Gallantry, and the most refin'd Gallantry: Does it not appear, to you, that the Sorbonne, and the University of Salamanca, are conquer'd by a Look of Madam D\*\*\*\*: For we must naturally understand, by the ill-

(a) “ *A tous ces Axiômes j'en ajouterai un aussi évident pour tous ceux qui vous connoissent. On ne doit chercher la parfaite beauté que chez Madame D\*\*\*. Peut-être quelque bourru de Savant, ou quelque Scholastique vétillieur me disputeront ils l'évidence de cette proposition; mais vos yeux, s'ils daignent jamais se tourner par hazard vers eux, leur en persuaderont la vérité.*”——*Philosophie du Bon Sens, ou Réflexions Philosophiques sur l'incertitude des connoissances humaines, Tom. 1. pag. 245.*

*natur'd Pedant, the French Doctor, and by the scholastic Critic, the Theologians of Spain.*" "That, indeed, is something marvellous," says *Racine*, with a scornful Smile; "but what say your Critics? Do they approve all these fine Things?"

"Our Critics," answer'd I, "take great Pains to comprehend all the Beauties of the Works they speak of. The knowing Journalists of *Trevoux*, who are the *Aristarchuses* of our Age, not only approve the Authors who make Use of this new Language, but they encourage, by their Example, the Cultivation of it. There has been compil'd an huge Folio Collection, of the Phrases and (a) *penetrating Expressions*, of these Journalists: For Example; to say that Argument, or Reasoning, ought to be the Fundamentals of a good Sermon, they would say, *Syllogisms are the Timbers of a good Sermon* (b).

(a) "On feroit un gros in folio du recueil des phrases & des expressions tranchantes de ces Journalistes. Par exemple, pour dire que le raisonnement doit être le fondement d'un bon Sermon, ils disent: les Syllogismes sont la charpente d'un bon Sermon (b).

(a) *Dissertations Littéraires*, pag. 19.

(b) *Mémoires de Trevoux*, Juillet 1726.

Instead



\* Instead of writing simply, to confirm Father *Cheffmacher* to be a Rogue; Mr. *De la Chapelle* made a Syllogism as false as the former; they would write, *Mr. DE LA CHAPELLE made a Syllogism of the same DIP as the former*(a). The same *Journalists*, speaking of the Opposition of Sentiments in these two Divines; say elegantly, *they are* (b) *two Writers POINTED in contrary Facts*. One is highly charm'd, to see that emphatic Word, *pointed*, rescu'd from Chicanery, to be rang'd among the *Bellès Lettres*, by these enlighten'd Journalists, zealous for the Advancement of Literature, and all that might promote the Perfection of their Language; and enrich it with new and copious Terms. To say a *Council*, they said formerly, no

\* “ Au-lieu d'écrire simplement, pour convaincre le  
“ *Pere Cheffmacher d'être un fourbe*, Mr. De la Cha-  
“ *pelle fait un syllogisme aussi faux que le précédent*, ils  
“ *écrivent: (a) Mr. De la Chapelle fait un syllo-*  
“ *gisme de la même trompe que le précédent*. Les mêmes  
“ *Journalistes*, en parlant de l'opposition des senti-  
“ *mens de ces deux Théologiens*, disent élegamment,  
“ *Voilà deux Ecrivains appointés en faits contraires* (b).”

(a) *Mémoires de Trevoux*, Octobre 1738. (b) *Ibid.*

more

more than a *Council*; \* now-a-days, to express this single Word, we use two others; the wise *Trevousians* say, a *Conciliary Assembly*(a). † They said, when you was in the World, the Resemblance of one System to another, now-a-days we express it thus (b); *the Sameness of two Systems*: Your Coteremporaries would have said simply, the Avarice of a Bookseller would not allow him to wait many Years. Observe now, how our learned *Journalists* have render'd this Phrase(c); *the Rapidity of a heated Commerce, attends not the Revolution of Years*; what a Blessing it

\* “ Pour dire un *Concile*, on disoit autrefois simplement, un *Concile*: aujourd’hui, pour exprimer ce seul mot, on se sert de deux autres; les sages *Trévousiens* disent, une *Assemblée conciliaire* (a). ”

† “ On disoit, lorsque vous étiez dans ce Monde, la ressemblance d’un système à un autre; aujourd’hui on s’exprime ainsi; (b) la *même* de deux systèmes. Vos contemporains eussent dit simplement, l’avarice d’un Libraire ne lui permet pas d’attendre plusieurs années; voici comment nos savans Journalistes rendent cette phrase, (c) la *rapidité* d’un commerce échauffé n’attend pas les révolutions des années. ”

(a) *Mémoires de Trevoux*, Juillet 1726.

(b) *Ibid.* Avril 1728.

(c) *Ibid.* Mai 1727.

is, to have a Genius so exalted and sublime, as to express, with so much Grandeur, an Occurrence so simple and familiar: Behold what an Assemblage of noble Terms! *the Rapidity! the Revolution of Years! a beated Commerce!* May we not say, that all Nature is painted in these Expressions? *Rapidity* presents us with the Idea of those great Rivers which carry their Waters to the Sea: The *beated Commerce*, affords us a lively Image of the Troubles and Agitations of human Life; and *the Revolution of Years*, recalls to our Memory, all that appertains to the most sublime Astronomy."

"If our able *Journalists* give an Elevation to the most simple Things, they know, also, when they please, how to speak of the most elevated, in a very natural and simple Way: None possess more than they, the Art of good Pleasantry: For it cannot be said of these illustrious Scholars, as *Quintilian* said of *Demosthenes*; that he had alway lov'd Raillery, but could never arrive at the Perfection of it. One cannot joke or burlesque more delicately than our *Journalists* have done:

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For

For Example; in talking of the *Minims*, observe how they find Means to flatter that religious Order: *It is, say they, a Commendation to this Order, that they remove themselves more and more from their Name, by their Pomp and Extent; which has acquir'd them the double Merit of Doctrine and Edification*(a). Well! can one make a more delicate, or more gallant Illusion, to the *Latin Word Minimus?* which is to say *very small*, i. e. the least."

"It is true," says *Racine*, lifting his Shoulders, "that this is highly wonderful; but I hope, in the mean Time, that the *Divines* are less curious of these charming and ingenuous Things; they, I hope, still write as did the *Bossuets*, the *Paschals*, the *Arnauds*." "The Persons you talk of," answer'd I, "are dry, insipid Geniuses, that have nothing lively, or agreeable, in their Style: Our *Divines* express themselves much otherwise, now-a-days.

(a) "*C'est disent-ils, une louange pour cet Ordre de s'éloigner de plus en plus de son nom par la célébrité & l'étendue que lui acquiert le double mérite de la doctrine & de l'édification.*" *Memoires de Trevoux*, Juin 1726.

Would



Would they speak of the End of Paganism, and the Errors of the Heathens, *they will remark (a) the different Errors which have been rais'd, and the Time of their Fall at the Foot of Faith.* How do you like that, *Fall at the Foot of Faith?* This, now, is what may really be call'd Writing. The same Author, speaking of St. Paul, draws the Portrait of that Apostle in two Words. *(b) He was a Genius CONSEQUENT and LUMINOUS.* But nothing is more sublime, than what a certain Divine says, in speaking of the Soul. This is the Passage: *(c) The Soul is not reckon'd, by its Birth, according to the natural Computation; it is not thought to be born, nor is it born n*

*(a) " Ils marquent les différentes erreurs qui s'étoient élevées, & le tems de leur chute aux pieds de la foi. " Comment trouvez-vous cette chute aux pieds de la foi? Le même Auteur, parlant de St. Paul, fait le " portrait de cet Apôtre en deux mots. (b) C'étoit un " génie consequent & lumineux. Mais rien n'est plus " sublime que ce que dit un Théologien, en parlant " de l'esprit; voici ce passage: (c) L'esprit ne compte " pas sa naissance suivant la supputation naturelle, il ne " croit naître, & il ne naît en effet que dans les lieux où il " s'étend & où il s'éclaire.*

*(a) Religion prouvée par les faits, pag. 249.*

*(b) Ibid.*

*(c) Ibid.*

*Effect, but in those where it is, and whom it enlightens.* Nothing can, in my Opinion, be equal to this heavenly Morsel, but this of the same Divine; *the hardy Tone of Confidence prostrates the feeble Souls*(a). It must be acknowledg'd, that the Author, I now speak of, has (b) *the TINTED Ideas of human Sagacity.*" Great God! cries *Racine*, the *tinted Ideas*! Ah *Moliere*! thy precious Ridicule on the Divines, was judicious and rational." This boisterous Exclamation of *Racine*, awak'd me; and I immediately transcrib'd my Dream, which I here submit to the Reader's Judgment.

(a) "*Le tou hardi de la confiance prosterne les ames foibles. Il faut convenir que l'Auteur, dont je vous parle.*"

(b) "*Avoit des idées teintes de la sagesse humaine.*" Religion prouvée par les faits.





V I S I O N   X V I.

I SAW a Number of People seated round a very large Table: One of them push'd the Portrait of a Man on to the Middle of it: Upon which, the whole Assembly drew from their Pockets hollow Canes, and began to throw thro' them, on the Visage of the Portrait, little Balls compos'd of a Pomatum, which gave a Lustre to the Picture equal to the best Varnish. I was admiring the Address of the Blowers, when one of them put into his Cane a little Ball, which he call'd *Ointment of But*. He blew it over the Picture, and spoil'd, by a Touch, all that the others had done: They then remov'd this Portrait, and replac'd it by another, on which they perform'd the like Ceremony. They refresh'd the Colours, gave them a new Lustre, then blew over the Picture a Ball of *But*; and this second

Portrait was more disfigur'd than the former.

I observ'd, that the Women were extremely dextrous in throwing the Balls of *But*: They threw them more frequently than the Men: Indeed they seldom put any other into their Canes. Of ten Portraits, that were spoil'd, nine of them were by Women. Wearied by the Uniformity of my Dream, and disgusted at seeing the same Thing so often repeated, I awoke; and recollected, that one might hourly meet with parallel Cases: For we often hear Persons lavishly praise their Acquaintance; nay, wantonly extol them, with the most extravagant Encomiums, and afterwards detract all, by a single *But*: A *But* is sometimes so very mischievous, that it would be happy for those, on whom it is apply'd, that they had never been prais'd at all.







V I S I O N    X V I I .

I Imagin'd myself on the Top of *Parnassus*; and was eagerly travelling over that Mountain, in search of the *Muses*, those learned Daughters of *Jupiter* and *Memory*. After a long Time marching without meeting any one, I at last found three old Women, of a most hideous Aspect. "Approach," says one of them, "that we may give you the Remcompence which you deserve, for having taken so painful and tedious a Journey." Surpris'd at such a Rencontre, I was so astonish'd, that I could make no Answer to the Woman that address'd me. "Whence arises your Astonishment?" says she: "What search you here?" Having, by this Time, a little recover'd my Fright, "I seek," says I, "the *Muses*; and I should be oblig'd to you, if you could conduct me to the Sight of them." "They no longer inhabit this Country,"

says the old Woman ; “ we have chac’d them hence : They are oblig’d to take Refuge among some of their Partizans, who were willing to receive them ; where they may live, in their Retreat, free from Broils and Tumults ; while we reign here in absolute Dominion : For we will maintain our Empire, even till the Climates, and Nature’s self, expire together. It is we that, now-a-days, dispose not only of the Reputation and Merit of Men of Letters, but also of the Recompence given to them : We elevate and debase them, at our Pleasure.”

The Discourse of this Woman excited my Curiosity ; and I begg’d she would inform me who she was. “ I am,” reply’d she, “ the Goddess of *Envy* ; and my two Sisters, which you see by me, are the Goddesses of *Avarice* and *Folly*. We convey our Oracles by a Monster, that inspires those who invoke our Aid. Follow me, and convince yourself, how great is the Number of our Subjects and Adherents.” I follow’d the Hag ; and, being arriv’d at the Mouth of a dismal Cave, I beheld therein a Monster with three Heads, of a  
Figure

Figure resembling that by which the Poets describe *Cerberus*. On each Head of the Monster was a broad Fillet, on which was written the Names of the Goddesses. That inscrib'd *Envy*, is the Head which dictates the Oracles of that Beldame to the *Poets*; that inscrib'd *Avarice*, inspires the *Historians*; and the third, on which *Folly* is inscrib'd, in great Characters, is the Organ that sets the *Novellists* and *News-writers* a talking. I observ'd about each Head, a Number of People writing with much Attention: I saw, also, certain Persons, who carried in their Hands little Balls, and approaching the Monster, presented him with them; who, as he swallow'd them, seem'd to fall asleep: For these Balls produce, on the Monster, the same Effect, as on *Cerberus* the Cakes of Honey given him by *Æneas*. When the Heads of the Monster were at Rest, and ceas'd barking, the Votaries were inactive, and wrote no more. I was curious to see what was written on the different Balls, which those who would appease the Monster made him swallow. I read, on those that were given to the

Head inscrib'd *Envy, Balls of Flattery and Adulation*: This Head, as before hinted, inspires the *Poets*. On those presented to the Head which bears the Name of *Avarice*, were written *Balls of Gold*: This Head presides over the Writers of *History*. And, lastly, on the Balls which were given to the Head on which was written *Folly: Balls compos'd of Gold-powder and Cudgel-blows*: This Head dictates to the Writers of *Gazettes*.

Admiring, with Wonder, the great Concourse of People, who were endeavouring to lull this Monster, I awoke; and my Dream made me think, that a great Number of Men of Letters dishonour the Sciences, by making of their Talents an infamous Commerce; praising, more or less, their Patrons and Superiors, as they are more or less rewarded: And resembling the *Neapolitan Bravoes* who assassinate for Hire, illustrate or dishonour Persons in their Writings, for a trifling Sum.





V I S I O N XVIII.

I FOUND myself in a great Road terminated by a superb Temple, on the Porch of which I read, *The Temple of Fame*. A Crowd of People were flocking to it, of all Degrees and Stations: There were Warriors, Magistrates, Authors, Painters, Divines, Women of Fashion, Citizen's Wives, Lady Abbesses, Opera Singers, Courtiers, and Hackney Coachmen. When this Multitude arriv'd at a Bar fix'd at some Distance from the Temple, thro' which but one could pass at a Time; they were demanded, by Guards plac'd for that Purpose, on what Pretence they presum'd to come thither, and what were the Qualifications that render'd them worthy of Admittance to the Temple of *Fame*. I expected that those People would all alledge nearly the same Reasons; and doubted not, but those Reasons would chiefly rely on the Motives which excited

equally to Virtue : But I was much astonish'd, when I heard the Answers that they made to those who interrogated them.

“ Wherefore,” says one of the Guards to a Man of the Sword who approach'd the Bar, “ pretend you to go to the Temple ?” “ Because,” answer'd he, “ I have had ten Quarrrels, from all which I have extricated myself with Dexterity. I have never suffer'd the most slight Affront : Of ten Duels, in which I have been engag'd, and in which I had six Times the Advantage of killing my Enemies, seven were occasion'd only by Disputes, which, in Reality, were but Trifles, and no ways impeach'd my Honour : But I love Glory ! she has ever excited my Respects, and I have only fought *Fame* in all my Actions.” I made no doubt but they would treat this hectoring ferocious Bully as a Fool, and shut the Bar against him ; but I was much astonish'd, when I saw them open it, that he might proceed on his March, and enter the *Temple*.

I observ'd next a *Magistrate*, who exclaim'd, “ I hasten to the Temple, with Assurance that I shall not be refus'd Admittance,

mittance, as there is not a *Judge* who conducts his Affairs with more Pomp and Grandeur than myself: Far from regarding those Things, which might have profited me much, as many Counsellors have done, whose Places bring them in, by Management, ten Times as much as I make of mine; I scarcely appear at the Palace three Times in a Year: I pass my Life among amiable Company, and live in the gay World: I hate the noisy Bustle of the Bar, and the tedious Anxieties of the Law: I love *Fame*, and endeavour to gain her, with eager Diligence: All that will not elevate me, above my Station, appears despicable to me; therefore you cannot refuse my Entrance to the Temple."

The Magistrate appear'd to me, more lunatic and ridiculous than the Swordsman; for he join'd to Impertinence, Folly and Infatuation: Nevertheless, the Bar was open'd, and he also proceeded to the Temple.

An Author succeeded the Judge. "Open the Bar," says he, with a fierce Air; "it is for me, chiefly, that this Temple was erected." "That may be," reply'd

reply'd one of the Guards; "but you must, nevertheless, inform us, on what Pretensions you presume on a Right to enter it." "My Pretension," replies the Author, "is the violent Passion I have ever entertain'd for *Fame*; that Passion! which has propell'd me to write Satires, Epigrams, and severe Criticisms: I have seldom employ'd my Pen on other Works, but my Passion for *Fame* has been less satisfy'd. I have two Advantages, in writing of Satires: The first is, that of being assur'd of the Success of my Works, because they are founded, chiefly, on the Malignity of the human Heart: The second is, the Pleasure of debasing the Merit of those whom I regard as dangerous Rivals. And thus I doubly appease my Thirst of *Fame*." I expected, that the Guards would have given this Author a Score of good Blows across his Shoulders with their Halberts, and have that Way paid him for his pretended Love of *Fame*; which, by his own Confession, has made him as dangerous to Society as a mad Dog. But I was mistaken; for the Bar was open'd to him; and he proudly continu'd



tinu'd his Journey, till he reach'd and enter'd the Temple:

After the Poet, came a Painter. "Behold," says he, to the Guards, "what has made me the *Love of Fame*." He then shew'd a little Picture, in which he had painted a Group of Nudities in the most indecent Postures. "I dare flatter myself," added he, "that nobody has yet attain'd the Point, to which I am herein arriv'd: I have sacrific'd, to the *Love of Fame*, the Pains and Labour of twenty Years. I could often have painted more modest Pictures; but they would have acquir'd me less Reputation." Ho! for this, says I; I am very well perswaded that he will pass no farther: For it is against all the Laws of good Sense, to think that one can arrive at *Fame* through *Infamy*. But what was my Surprise? when I see them, without farther Scrutiny, lift up the Bar, and bid him carry his Picture to the Temple.

A Divine came after the Painter. — "How! what!" says he; "Do you not know my Name? Surely that were sufficient to make you open the Bar, without obliging

obliging me to speak." "We doubt not," says one of the Guards, "but you carry a Name of Dignity sufficient to authorize your Entrance into the *Temple*; but we must acknowledge that we know it not." "That," says the Divine, with a contemptuous Air, "is a Proof of your beastly Ignorance. Know, then, that I am call'd Doctor *Massuacatorius*: My Works of Controversy will be the Admiration of all future Ages. I have always endeavour'd to prove, that nothing is so condemnable as *Toleration*; and, above all, demonstrated, that every truly Christian Prince ought to exterminate all Heretics, and employ against them the utmost Rigour of the most severe Laws; and that the System of *Toleration* is an impious, a damnable System\*. I have,

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\* These Expressions are made Use of, by the Journalists of *Trevoux*, in their *Memoirs* for October 1738. in the Examination of a Book, written by the celebrated *Anuand de la Chapelle*.—It is amazing, that they daily oppose the Publication of Books in *France*, because, perhaps, there are some Words that may displease an Examiner; notwithstanding, at the Bottom, they may be not only of no Consequence; but,

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in Imitation of the illustrious *Journalists* of *Trevoux*, declar'd openly, and in high Terms, that I am not only against *Tolerance*, but that I make it my GLORY firmly to oppose it." This Divine, says I, to myself, seems not to be a Man anxious of *Fame*, but a *Tyger* thirsty of Blood and Carnage. The Maxims of this cruel Preacher, were they to be follow'd, would immerse all *Europe* in a Sea

in Reality, very innocent; and, in the mean while, publicly maintain and support a Dogma capable of infinitely prejudicing the State. Let us examine the Grounds of that Hatred which the Enemies of *Tolerance* have created among the *English* against *Catholicism*: Take we all foreign Nations for People compos'd of irascible or senseless Fools? We tell them, that, in essential Points, they have nothing to fear from the Persecution of *Catholicism*; yet we suffer the Body of Clergy, who we know have a great Influence over religious Affairs, to print and maintain, in the Heart of the Kingdom, that the System of *Tolerance* is impious; what will an *Englishman* say to this? Why thus: I believe that the young—— is a Prince endow'd with Virtue, Valour, and every real Merit. He assures me, that he will grant *Tolerance*; but he may become a Devotee: His Understanding may be impair'd by Age; and his Confessor may say to him, and perhaps persuade him, that *Tolerance* is an Impiety.

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of Blood. The Catholics destroy Protestants, through a Principle of Religion; and the Protestants, what through Fear, (perhaps to make Reprisals) and for their own Safety, endeavour to extirpate the Catholics: For what Security, what Peace, can they ever hope, or expect, among People who say, it is impious to tolerate them, and that they ought utterly to be exterminated? While I was making these Reflections, they, to my great Surprise, open'd the Bar to the Divine, who, with haughty Strides, enter'd the *Temple*, where he found many Persons as mad, and as foolish, as he was wicked; who were readily seduc'd by his Sophistry, and Enthusiasm, and regarded him as a zealous Defender of the *Truth*.

The Divine was succeeded by a Woman of Quality.—“Halloo! ho! halloo! Fellows open the Bar: Is this (says she) your Manners to a Woman of my Birth, and one who has so well endeavour'd to support a *Fame*?” “Dare we, Madam,” says one of the Guards, “dare we ask your Ladyship how you have conducted yourself to add new Lustre to your Birth?”

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“ I live,” answer’d she, “ as becomes a Woman of Quality to live : I pass the major Part of the Day at my Toilette ; the rest is employ’d at Plays, Feasting, and Gaming. My House is the best in *Paris*, and the Rendezvous of all the polite Company. I do not think my Husband worthy to mix among us : Indeed I scarcely see him three Times in a Month. I have two Daughters in a Convent, whom I hope I shall never see more, till the Day they take the Veil, or that their Father takes them from the Convent to be married. I unite, with so noble a Conduct, the Talent of singing a Song at Table with a good Grace ; and I have the Glory of being esteem’d the Woman that makes the best Ballad in the City.” “ Enter, enter, Madam,” says one of the Guards, “ if we refuse you Entrance to the *Temple*, we must interdict the Passage of the most amiable and tumultuous Women of the Court.”

After the Woman of Quality, came a Citizen’s Wife, who exclaim’d with much Vehemence.—“ Come, come, open the Bar ; who do you take me for ? Shew you

no Respect to a Lady of my Appearance? Know you not, that my Brother in Law is *elected*, my Cousin *Bailiff*, my Father a *Receiver of Rents*, and my Husband *first Collector of the Customs*?" "All these Alliances, Madam," says one of the Guards, "give you no Right to enter this *Temple*." "How!" says she, with some Passion; "not give me a Right to enter the *Temple*? Is the Expence I run into, which has beggar'd my Husband and Children, nay, ruin'd my whole Family, no Pretence, though it has acquir'd me the glorious Reputation of being the most generous Woman of my Quarter? Is it not my Ambition of *Fame*, that has made me sell a Country-house, to have always magnificent Apparel? Do not all, that know me, acknowledge, that I have the best Taste in the World? The Women that lodge in our Neighbourhood, who would be attir'd like the Court Ladies, do they not consult me? Have I not, in short, the Honour of being esteem'd the Oracle of the whole Street, in all that relates to Ornament, or Attire? Are these no Claims, these no Pretensions, to enter the

the *Temple*?" "Without doubt, Madam," replies the Guards, "the Bar shall be open'd unto you. Continue to enjoy peaceably, the Glory of ruining your Friends by your Example, and making them lame Copies of the Court Ladies."

A Lady Abbess now appear'd at the Bar. "*Ave Maria*," says she, with a modest Air; "Gentlemen, open the Bar. I am superior to a Sisterhood of *Dominicans*." "My dear Sister," replies the Guard, "there are a great Number of Superiors of Convents in the World; and if they have all a Right to enter this *Temple*, it would be fill'd with nothing but Lady-abbesses." "It is not only," reply'd the religious Lady, "in Quality of a Superior that I approach the *Temple*; but that which I presume secures me a Right of Entrance is, the Conduct that procur'd me that Office, and the Behaviour by which I have upheld it. I have supported, with an infinite Constancy, the Difficulties I met with in supplanting my Enemies and Rivals. I have employ'd my whole Pension, and whatever I could,  
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by any Stratagem, extort from my Parents, whose Allowances were not inconsiderable, in making Presents to the Provincial of the *Dominicans*, and the Father-Director of the Convent. Have had Fortitude enough to accomplish all that I imagin'd would give me Pleasure; and the Love I have for *Fame* is so strong, that I attempted, with inward Assurances of Success, by Presents to secure the Interest of the Provincial, whose Heart, although he was old, and a most disagreeable Figure, I endeavour'd to inflame, and was happy in the Success of my Undertaking. He lov'd, and gave me the Honour of inflaming a Heart frozen with Age: In short, I became Superior, by the Interest of my new Adorer; since when I have consider'd it would be to my Advantage to maintain the same Conduct towards him; because my Union with him augmented and secur'd my Credit over the Community: And I found it easy to conceal an Intrigue under the Veil of Religion, which had also the Pretext of the spiritual and temporal Good of the Society. Thus I have so well conducted  
my



my Affairs, that there cannot be any Superior in *France*, whose Merit can equal mine." "Enter, enter," says one of the Guards; "behold, my most *reverend Mother*, the Bar is open'd: It is nearly by the same Principles as yours, that Sister *Cadier* has acquir'd immortal Honour; and I doubt not but your pious Examples will be follow'd by all Abbeffes and Devotees who are ambitious of *Fame*."

The next who approach'd the Bar, was an Opera Singer. She was tolerably handsome; but had something of forc'd or constrain'd Modesty in her Carriage. She affected the *Airs* of a Woman of Quality; but the Manners of an illiterate, uneducated Mind, predominated over all. She listen'd to her own Talk; yet, had she but spoken for a few Moments only, she might have pass'd for a Woman of Genius: But the few sprightly Things she had learnt by rote, and utter'd with some Art and Judgment, were succeeded by a Discourse less sensible, which favour'd strongly of the Licentiousness of her Manners. "Pray, Gentlemen," says she,  
open

“ open the Bar. I am a Girl of the Opera, who love *Fame* to Distraction. 'Tis *Fame* that governs all my Actions.”

“ A Girl of the Opera that loves *Fame*, and thereby regulates her Actions,” cries the Guard ; “ we know very few of whom this can be said : If you talk of the Comedians, wait a little ; there are many of them who add Graces to the Art of *Sophocles*, not only by their Abilities, but also by their Sentiments and Conduct. If you love *Fame*, you are not of the Opera of this Country ; or you are, perhaps, that *austere Salè*, whose Graces and Virtues *Voltaire* has celebrated ; or that wise and prudent *Bàrbarini*, whose Eulogium has been written by the ingenious *Moncriffe* ; or the amiable and sprightly Sister of that *Cockois*, born to illustrate the theatrical Talents, and shew that the Qualifications of an Actor receive an additional Lustre from the Knowledge which sometimes seems to have no Connection thereto.” “ I am not,” says the Opera Girl, with an Air of Resentment, “ either of these three Persons : I consider them  
only

only as Fools, to be regarded merely as the Dupes of ridiculous Prejudices. Virtue was not created for Opera Singers: It is as prejudicial to them, as an honourable sentimental Love. For my Part, I take great Care not to shew or retain more Regard for one Lover than another; Gold always determines me; and he who will give me the most, is he who has most Right to my Heart: Thus I satisfy my Ambition and Thirst of *Fame*. I have rich Cloaths, and I have Diamonds: I ride to the Palace in a gilded Chariot, while that austere *Salè*, whose barren Virtues you boast of, walks on Foot. It is by a peculiarly sensible Conduct that I have learn'd the Secret, and enjoy the Glory, of being better attir'd than any of my Companions. There are few Women of Quality, in *Paris*, so magnificently lodg'd as I am. I have repair'd, by my Address, the Disadvantages of Birth and Inexperience. I was only the Daughter of a poor Wretch, that liv'd on Alms; and, when I reach'd a certain Age, Poverty oblig'd me to enter into a House

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where I prostituted my Charms to the first Comer: But I was soon weary of this Trade; for it hurt my Vanity. At last, I found Means to escape that Place, in Spite of all the Injustice my Destiny had done me; and had the Honour of being admitted into the Rank of kept Ladies: But my Ambition was not yet satisfy'd; I wanted to attract the Regard of the Public. In a short Time I had the good Luck to be receiv'd into the Opera, and was preferr'd to all the other Girls of that Magazine: I was no sooner thus elevated, and admitted into the Theatre, than I discarded all my former Lovers, as unworthy of my Regard. I liv'd with several Noblemen successively; nay, often had two or three Keepers at a Time; and many have been so delighted with my Charms, that I have had the Satisfaction to ruin them." "Ha! Ma'msoille," says one of the Guards, "no one can be worthier, than you, of a Place in the *Temple*. Go in; display your Charms; and exercise your Power; enjoy the Glory of discomposing the Affairs,



fairs, and squand'ring the Fortunes, of the young Fools of Family and Distinction, till a Warrant from a Magistrate fetches you out, to be carry'd to the *Salpêtrier* (a)."

A Courtier came next to the Bar, in whose Countenance, notwithstanding he assum'd an Air of Politeness, were strongly painted the Characteristics of Envy and Dissimulation. "Gentlemen," said he, "my Profession assures me that my Entrance to the *Temple* must be freely granted: Every Moment of my Life has been employ'd to the Advancement of my *Fame*: 'Tis to my Regard for that noble Passion, that I have sacrific'd from my Infancy every peaceful Moment. I was born rich, and came of a House known for the Services it has done the State. I might have liv'd in Tranquillity, bless'd with Abundance, passing the Winters at *Paris*, the Summers on my own Estates, or have advanc'd myself in the Service; and perhaps, in Time, have

\* A House of Correction, where they are employed in beating and refining Salt.

possess'd one of the first Employments in the Army: But I have rather chosen to buy a Place at Court, because I thought that Road the most certain, and most proper to conduct me to *Fame*: And I can flatter myself with having succeeded in my Progress. I have had the Happiness to overthrow my Enemies and Rivals, in the Snares prepar'd for them. I gain'd on the Credulity of some by false Confidence; others I, by different Artifices, exasperated against those who could gain any Advantage over me; and thus have made many appear ridiculous: And while I commended, in others, the Virtues which could only render them estimable in the Eyes of a few philosophical Misanthropes, secretly heighten'd the Ridicule cast upon them. I have even cast it on many undeservedly, and thereby expos'd them to the Laughter of a Number of superficial Geniuses, who are more affected by Ridicule than Vice. For, amongst them, what is call'd good Manners, is of infinitely more Value and Esteem than true Virtue. In short, I may say that, amongst  
the

the most experienc'd Courtiers, none have more profited by Court Intrigues. I have always had at my Command, Women who had Credit and Interest: Some I have gain'd by Presents, others by Assiduities and Attentions; nor have I disdain'd, on certain Occasions, to influence also their Waiting-women, whom I have often prudently engag'd, by Promises of considerable Recompence, to prepossess their Mistresses in my Favour. These Assiduities and Labours have acquir'd me the Glory to which I aspir'd, and for which I sigh'd so long: I may say, there is not, at this Time, a more considerable Courtier than myself. I rejoice in the precious Advantage of being vainly env'y'd at Court, and respected in the City as a Man of great Credit."—While the Courtier was thus haranguing, I said to myself, the Guards will certainly answer this wicked Man.—That which you call *Fame*, is but a false Honour built on the Basis of Infamy. Dare you avow, that your whole Life has only been employ'd in prejudicing those who were so unhappy as to have any Concurrence or Communi-

cation with you? You are in a great Error, when you think yourself considerable because many People shew you Homage and Respect: They honour you for the same Reason that certain People adore, and pray to, the Devil; your *Fame* is no better than that of an infernal Intelligence.

While I was making these Reflections, the Bar was open'd to the Courtier; and the Surprise, which seiz'd me on seeing him enter the *Temple*, was still more augmented by the Discourse of a Hackney Coachman, who was also a Candidate for *Fame*. "What do you want, my Friend?" says the Guards: "Remove yourself from hence." "Ha! Wherefore? For what Reason, must I remove from hence?" reply'd the Coachman. "What the Devil! have I no Pretence to enter the *Temple*? Blood! Sirs, have I so often robb'd my Master, and defrauded his poor Horses of their Oats, to no Purpose? Have I so often run the Risque of being hang'd, to acquire *Fame*? and shall I not, at last, enter the *Temple*? Shall I reap no Advantage, nor gain no Reward, for my  
La-



Labour? Open the Bar, Gentlemen; or, by *Jove*, I'll shew you some good Play.”

“Softly,” reply'd one of the Guards; “this is not the Way to succeed here. Tell us, without putting yourself in a Passion, what is the Reputation you have acquir'd by these boasted Exploits.”

“How? What Reputation I have acquir'd?” reply'd the Driver; “why, I am always better equipp'd than my Comrades; and I have the cleaverest Servants in *Paris* for my Mistresses. Call you these trifling Claims? I have always been ambitious of distinguishing myself; and my Father and Mother us'd to say, when I was a Boy, that my Thirst of *Fame* would prompt me to become a Thief. Their Prediction was indeed true: For, a short Time after, I robb'd a Master, whom I then serv'd in Quality of Lacquey. I immediately hasten'd to *Paris*, and had two Suits of fine Cloaths made; but an ugly Accident happen'd to me soon after: One of my Companions, as ambitious of *Fame* as myself, stole from me Part of the Spoil I had taken from my Master; after which, I swore to have no more

Friends that were ambitious. I had, however, enough left to satiate my own Vanity, and give me Airs for a Time: So I determin'd that I would not again risque my own Neck, to satisfy the Thirst of *Fame*, or pamper the Avarice of another Rogue."

This Declamation of the Coachman awak'd me; and I could not help reflecting, that the different Ideas which Men annex to what they call *Fame*, is the principal Cause of the wicked Actions they commit; while other Men, who have parallel Ideas, shew them, in regard of that pretended Glory, Honour and Distinction. Hence the Hackney Coachman, as well as the Courtier, has his Admirers.

*As Love of Pleasure into Pain betrays,  
So most grow infamous through Love of  
Praise;  
And what so foolish as the Chace of  
Fame?  
How vain the Prize! how impotent the  
Aim!*

*For*

*For what are Men, who grasp at Praise  
sublime,*

*But Bubbles on the rapid Stream of  
Time?*

*That rise, and fall; that swell, and are  
no more;*

*Born, and forgot, Ten Thousand in an  
Hour?*

Young's Universal Passion, Sat. 2. & 3.





## V I S I O N   X I X .

I WAS at the Foot of a steep Mountain, on which many People were climbing; and being curious of knowing what they went there to do, I follow'd them. Having attain'd the Middle of the Mountain, I observ'd, that those who were there drank greedily of the Water of a Fountain, which was surrounded by a Number of People of all Ranks and Conditions. When these People had swallow'd a certain Quantity of the Water, one would have thought, by their Behaviour, that they were intoxicated. They often talk'd without knowing what they said; they decided, in an authoritative Manner, on Things of which they have not the least Knowledge: They judg'd of Works which they had never seen, or read; they talk'd of Poetry, without knowing the Laws of Versification; they pronounc'd Decisions which they esteem'd  
infal-



infallible, on the Merit of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers, without having the least Idea of Design: They judg'd of Music, though they have no Ears: In short, nothing can appear more ridiculously whimsical, than the Discourse of this Assembly. In the mean Time, they give the Character of Sprightly to Works of Folly and Impertinence, the first of which they put off and recommend with Emphasis and great Gravity, the latter with as much Petulance. I heard a Woman say to a Bishop, " My dear Lord, I know not how to support those Nonsenses in which the Authors of our Times immerse all *Europe*: They have intirely destroy'd the Taste of reading *Acajou* without gaping, *Crigny* without sleeping at the fourth Page, and *Adelaïde* (a) without being weary to Death. I attend to none but Lectures equally useful, instructive, and entertaining: I read, for Instance, the *Roman History* of *Catrou*. The Ex-

(a) *Roman de Mademoiselle Cochois, dans les Memoires de l'Esprit & du Cœur, très bien écrit.*

(a) Romance of Mademoiselle de Cocbois, in the *Memoirs of the Heart and Mind.*

actness which reigns in that Book, charms me: The Style is of a noble Simplicity, and such as becomes History —Are you acquainted, my Lord, with the History of *Charles the Twelfth of Sweden* by Mr. *Norberg*, Chaplain to that King. That, indeed, may be call'd a charming Work; in it we meet with many interesting Circumstances, which *Voltaire* has omitted through Ignorance, or suppress'd through Malice. For Example; *Voltaire* says, *There was carried to General LEWEN, at the Siege of Thorn, a red Habit lac'd.* The able and exact *Norberg* has corrected this Blunder; and positively assures us, that the Lace was *not upon a red Ground.* This is what may be call'd writing with Propriety and Exactitude: But it must be acknowledg'd, that our *Frenchmen* are, in general, inferior to the Task of writing History. *De Thou* is a mere Idiot, in Comparison of the exact and enlighten'd *Hubner*.—I cannot conceive what they must be, who approve the new History of *Lewis the Eleventh*. They say, that the Author of the *Jewish Letters* has much commended that Book in one of his Works;

Works; but that is a Proof of his *good* Taste. He also commends *Duclos*, and condemns *St. Quenin* in the *Happy Hollander*, which is worth an hundred Times all the Romances of *Prevost de Exiles*; and I will venture to affirm, that *Prevost de Exiles*, notwithstanding the Approbation of that same Author of the *Jewish Letters*, and many other Writers who would set themselves up as Judges in the Republic of Letters, appears not to me, or any competent Critic, an ingenious or sprightly Author. It is true, that the Public readily receive and approve whatever falls from his Pen; but the Taste of the Public is so bad, that People of Wit, like us, should pay no Attention to it." "You are in the Right," reply'd the Bishop. "I can attest, Madam, the Truth of what you say: You know my last *Pastoral Letter*; it is a perfect Piece; but has been little regarded by the Public. The fine Sermons which I have printed, do not sell: They prefer to mine, those of *Bourdaloüe* and *Massillon*. This is pitiable!"

The

The Discourse of the People, whom I had seen drink of this Fountain, warn'd me from tasting its Water. I was going to descend the Mountain, when a Man accosted me, saying, "How is it, Sir, that you are at the Source of fine Wit, and yet drink not?" "What," answer'd I, "the Fountain which I see? Call you that the Fountain of Wit?" "Yes," reply'd he; "and as soon as you have tasted the Water, you will become as enlighten'd, and as amiable, as we." "If the Waters of that Fountain," said I, "render Men such as those whom I now behold, I shall content myself with common Sense, and for ever renounce fine Wit." "Preserve, then," says he, shrugging his Shoulders, "your melancholy common Sense. Go Sir, go; you may one Day acquire the Esteem of the *Venetians* or *Hollanders*; there remain still, in *Europe*, those two Roads for Travelers in common Sense: It may appear there without the Ornament of refin'd Wit; but elsewhere, when it appears alone, it is despis'd."



I quitted this Man with Intent to descend the Mountain; when, turning about, I beheld, on the Summit, another Throng of People, though not so numerous as the former. Though I had much Difficulty to mount it, I was determin'd to satisfy my Curiosity; and, after having labour'd some Time, I arriv'd at the Top, where I found a second Fountain, round which were assembled a Number of People, who, on drinking of its Water, entertain'd each other on various Subjects, uniting, with good Sense, a great deal of real Wit. I perceiv'd, among this Number, People of all Nations of *Europe*. The *Prussian* General *Gols*, was seated betwixt *Crebillon* the Father, and *Crebillon* the Son: *La Chapelle*, *Chais*, and *Joucourt*, talk'd with the Marquis *Nicolini*; and though this latter was an Ecclesiastic of the *Roman* Church, and the other three Protestant Ministers of the Gospel; they disputed without Animosity, yet with infinite Erudition, on Matters of Controversy. *Maupertius* rehears'd to the Minister of State *Borcke* (a), and

(a) Minister of State to the King of *Prussia* relating to foreign Affairs.

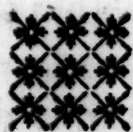
to the amiable *Villiers* (a), his Voyage beyond the Line. The Marquis *de Vallois* discours'd of three new Volumes of *Speſtacle de la Nature* to the Abbè *Peluche*, Author of that ingenious Work; *Voltaire* read ſome excellent Verſes to the *Duc de Richelieu*; *Titon de Tillet* reaſon'd with the *Duc de Elbeuf*; *Pairaid* communicated his Judgment on new Works to the illuſtrious Preſident of the *Royal Society of London*:

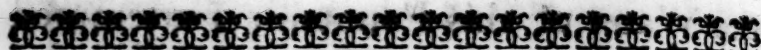
I ſaw, alſo, ſome Women round this Fountain. The Marchioneſs *de Châtilet* read her Works to *Caffini* and *Merian*; but there was no more mention of the Diſpute ſhe had formerly had with the latter: *La Chauſſée* conſulted the Marquis *d' Heronville* upon one of her Comedies; *Barnard* recited his *Art of Love* to the *Duc de Villars*; *Algeroti* convers'd ſometimes with one, ſometimes with another, and pleas'd all; the Marquis *Maffei* entertain'd himſelf with the Preſident *de Montesquiou*; and *Duclos* was plac'd between the Count *de Falcalquier* and the Duchefs *de Aiguillon*.

(a) Embaſſador from the Court of *London* at *Berlin*.

Charm'd

Charm'd with the Effect produc'd by the Water of this Fountain, I attempted to drink; but was so unfortunate as to awake, at the Instant it touch'd my Lips, and the only advantagious Inference I could draw from my Dream was, to recollect, that the Fountain of *false Wit* is widely different from that of the *true*. All the World may approach and drink of the former, whose Waters only serve to spoil good Sense, and to render those ridiculous who would otherwise not have been so: The latter is only known and frequented by a very small Number of People. Its Waters replenish Reason with a Salt, that renders it more picquant, and more agreeable.





## VISION XX.

**I** SLEPT more profoundly than ordinary, and had been in Bed some Time, when, on a sudden, I thought I beheld *Mercury* descend from the Clouds. He held in his Hand an enormous Folio, the Covers of which were much impair'd by Use. When he approach'd me, he said, with a scornful Air, "Feeble Mortal, who wasteth thy Life in endeavouring to penetrate the Secrets of the Gods; who art weak and insensible enough to hope to comprehend that which is above the Power of human Essence: What would you give, were I to shew you the Book of *Destiny*, and expose, to your Eyes, the Lot which has befallen all Mortals?"

"I should be," reply'd I, "more curious to see that of the Persons now living, and who shall hereafter live." "Ha! ha! ha! I find," says *Mercury*, laughing,  
 "that



“ that you are a pleasant Original. You would know that which the Gods know not themselves. I, who make you this Offer; I, who every Day quaff Cups of Nectar, and feed upon Ambrosia, at the Elbow of *Jupiter* my Father, know not the Things that shall hereafter happen: There is none but *Fate*, more powerful than all the Gods, knows certainly what is to come. And all that *Jupiter* ever says, on that Subject, are only Conjectures, almost as idle as those of the Astrologers; and, for one Time that Chance verifies his Predictions, the Succession of Time belies them thirty. It is true, that *Jupiter* is a little more able and experienc’d, in the Art of Divination, than me; being the Father of the Gods, and, of Consequence, the oldest Inhabitant of *Olympus* after his Father *Saturn*, who is no more, now-a-days, than a Godhead without Power. (But he has retir’d into a Monastery of *Pbrygian* Priests; where he passes his Life in a calm Retreat.) It is, nevertheless, true, that whatever *Jupiter* declares, in his Oracles, is only founded  
on

on Conjecture, and the Experience he has gain'd from his great Age."

"But," answer'd I, to *Mercury*, "how is it possible, that *Jupiter*, you, and the other Gods, should be ignorant of the Decrees of *Fate*, and the Things of which they have proscrib'd the Disposition; when they entrust their Book to your Care, and you have it in your Power to peruse it, at your Pleasure, Page by Page? If you would know that which is to happen a Thousand Years hence, can you not look in the Book for that Passage which relates to so remote a Time?"

"We should have a fine Search, indeed," says *Mercury*; "we should find nothing, nor see nothing, but white Paper."

"What!" resum'd I, "do not the *Destinies*, then, write in their Book the Lot of all Mankind, and determine therein the inevitable Form of all Events?"

"All that, is written," reply'd *Mercury*, "in the Book of *Fate*, but that which is not yet accomplish'd, or perhaps may never be actually accomplish'd, is not only illegible, but also invisible to the Eyes of  
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the Inhabitants of *Olympus*, as much as to the Sight of feeble Mortals. All that Part of the Book of *Fate* which treats of Futurity, appears to be only plain white Paper." "However," says I, to *Mercury*, "all future Events are written thereon." "Without doubt," reply'd the God, "they are there written in their inevitable Form and Order, but unknown till the very Moment they are to be accomplish'd; at which Moment, Time diffuses over the Page, whereon he finds the Events of that instant Period written, a certain Liquor, which blackens the white Ink, with which the *Destinies* write, and exposes to View what before, they had conceal'd till the Moment of its Execution."

"Could we not," demanded I, "compose, by the Assistance of some able Chymist, a Liquor of the same Nature with that us'd by Time, to unravel the Events of Futurity?" "It is impossible," answer'd my celestial Visitor; "and we Deities are a little too wise, to attempt the Execution of a Thing which we know to be absolutely impossible. I acknowledge  
that

that we are glad that Mankind imagine and believe we have the Secrets of Time: For if they were once persuaded to the contrary, they would wholly suspend their Sacrifices, and our Altars would no longer smoke with Victims. There would be no more Offerings; but our Temples would be quite abandon'd. For what would it signify, to make Sacrifices to those who are ignorant of what is to happen; and, consequently, can neither grant the Benefits they implore, nor are themselves sensible whether they can be obtain'd from the rigorous Hand of *Fate*? For Example; at the Siege of *Troy*, we inferior Deities combated against each other, and were equally exasperated in the Battles with the *Greek* and *Trojan* Heroes; many of us were wounded by the Arms of our Enemies. Think you, if we had truly known to what Purpose the Pains and the Chagrin we suffer'd would amount, that we would have mingled ourselves so indiscreetly and ridiculously among weak Mortals? But as, without mixing with them, and undergoing those Hardships, we might have constantly fed on Ambrosia,



brofia, and have dwelt tranquilly in the celestial Habitation of *Olympus*; we would, by our Conduct, have made them believe, that we took their Affairs strongly to Heart: We therefore assisted them according to our different Views, and endeavour'd to make them imagine, that we were strongly convinc'd of what would happen to them. Our Interpreter, the Grand Priest *Calchas*, who had the same Interest as ourselves, who liv'd and fatten'd on the Food of our Altars, enter'd perfectly into our Views, and by Oracles, the Sense of which was capable of being interpreted different Ways, reserv'd us always a Resource. If the *Greeks* had not taken *Troy*, *Colchas* would not have scrupled to say, that the confederate *Greeks* had, by their Crimes, irritated the Gods against them, and thereby render'd useless their celestial Promises. When *Troy* was ruin'd, the Representatives of the Gods, who defended it, publicly declar'd, that *Jupiter* only suffer'd the Extinction of the Race of *Priam*, to give to the *Trojans*, whom he lov'd, the future Empire of the World: And this

Finesse

Finesse easily extricated those Gods from their Embarrassment."

"What you now tell me," said I, "makes me reflect, with a melancholy Sorrow, on the confin'd Judgment of Mankind, who see not the most clear Things, and who act with as little Consideration as the Beings who are intirely void of Reason." "Ha!" replies *Mercury*; "Reason would serve for no Purpose, without a Mixture of Superstition. We Deities know very well, that nothing can so easily persuade or prevail on Mankind, as what is offer'd to them under the Veil of Religion. For Example; the Birth of my Sister *Venus*, produc'd from the Scum of the Sea; of my Sister *Minerva*, who came all arm'd from the teeming Brain of *Jupiter*; and that also of my Brother *Bacchus*, who was preserv'd carefully, in the Thigh of powerful *Jove*, till the Revolution of nine Months was fully compleated. All these Things, however absurd, and contrary to Reason, were receiv'd and credited, by the *Greeks* and *Romans*, as Matters uncontrovertably certain. It cost *Socrates* his Life, for daring

to attack such sacred Mysteries; and many Philosophers have exil'd themselves from *Athens*, to avoid the same Catastrophe. The *Romans* were still more zealous for our Worship than the *Greeks*; and what further proves how little we have to apprehend from the Reason of Mankind is, that among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, that is to say, among the most enlighten'd Nations, many Men celebrated for their Eloquence and Learning, have employ'd all the Sagacity of their Understanding to defend the Worship of our Altars, against those who have dar'd to attack them."

"You convince me evidently," answer'd I, "that it is no Proof of the Truth of a System, that it is believ'd and defended by able and learned Men; since the greatest Absurdities have found zealous Supporters, among whom there have not been wanting very great Men; and the strongest Argument in Favour of Scepticism is, without doubt, that which has been built on that wanton Variety of Opinions, which have serv'd as the Basis to the Credulity of the principal Chiefs

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of

of Sects: Which Opinions are not only diametrically opposite to one another, but also contrary to the most conspicuous and intelligent Notions.

Some will have it, that Matter is compos'd of Particles that are immaterial, and have no Extent; and, by a Chain of Sophistry, would establish, that many Beings, without Extent, could produce, by their Union, an extended Being. This is no less contradictory than to say, that Chance, or immaterial *nothing*, could form Bodies: Yet this System, absurd as it is, has been receiv'd in the World with Approbation and Honour.

Others have given to Matter an occult Quality, of which they neither know the Cause, or Essence. By means of this Quality, which they call *Attraction*, the Planets are suspended in an immense Void: The Sun, which is their common Centre, draws them to him by his attractive Power; the Planets, on the other Hand, have in themselves a centrifugal Power (another occult Quality), which repels them from the Sun: Now as in this Opposition of the attractive and centrifugal



trifugal Powers, the Planets can neither be more drawn to, or more repell'd from, the Sun; they, in themselves, create a third occult Quality. Thus, by means of two occult Virtues, of which they not only cannot comprehend the Possibility, but of which Reason demonstrates the Impossibility, they pretend to explain the Course of the Stars, and almost all the Phænomena of Nature.

This System seem'd, for a Time, to have overthrown all the others, and was esteem'd very brilliant; But, in the mean Time, how much did it shock the most clear Ideas! and how much is it against Reason, which shews us evidently, that inanimate Bodies neither move, nor change their Direction, without the immediate Blow or Percussion of some other Body. For a Body is but a Quantity of Matter, which is naturally an impenetrable Substance, more or less long, round, or deep, without any Inclination, any Efficacy, for Motion, or for Rest; but, on the contrary, being absolutely indifferent for this or that Direction. Nature does not move the Bodies that surround us, nor will

change their Direction without the Percussion of some other Body determin'd against them. A Stone will not move from the East towards the West, without Impulse; nor do we ever see a Body change either its State, or Direction, without an absolute Percussion having Part in the Change: Nor is this occasion'd by Attraction, which is not their Principle in the Impulse; since they have reign'd hitherto motionless in the Void. We must therefore, to support this System, establish Possibilities against Sight; and refer the Vivacity of the Heart in Darknes, to an occult Quality, an Opinion long since banish'd from the good Physicks. It has, however, been frequently reviv'd by celebrated Men a little disguis'd, and couch'd in different Terms.

This, however, it must be own'd, is an amusing System: It makes us think, that the Planets have the Mind, and assume the Airs, of a young Coquette. Their first Lover would draw them to him; the second would also preserve them to himself: But they, neither regarding the one nor the other, cohabit with a third;

third; yet they are all pleas'd, and remain in Union and Accord. So, also, are the Stars. The Sun attracts them; their centrifugal Force removes them from him: Thus they neither approach their Centre, nor are remov'd (as might be, were either Property the least predominant) to an infinite Distance from it: But assume a third Degree, which preserves them in a constant circular Motion. By this little Caprice, or Coquetry, equally shunning the Roads that lead to or remove from the Sun, the Planets are dispos'd to submit to the general Laws of Nature; by which, if one Body were independent, and not restrain'd or suspended by another, it would fall in a strait Line that would remove it from the Centre of its Motion. For if the Planets had not been subservient to this Law, receiv'd and adopted by all the Philosophers in the Oeconomy of the Universe, they would have long since lost their circulatory Motion; because they must have been drawn according to the ordinary Law, in a strait Line, and have fallen into, and been annihilated in, some of the fix'd Stars.

Before the Vogue of this System, there was another, in Fashion, which was neither more conformable to Reason, nor less opposite to the general Laws of Nature. The Planets, according to this System, are suspended in a celestial Fluid (which they call'd *etherial Matter*), of a prodigious Swiftneſs, Lightneſs, and Agitation: Each Planet was ſaid to be in the Centre of a Vortex; the Earth herſelf in the Centre of her own, and all theſe Vortices turn about the Sun, which turns upon its own Axis. A Philoſophy like this muſt naturally form a Chaos, inſtead of ſuſtaining the Order and Harmony of the Univerſe. Does not common Senſe convince us, what muſt neceſſarily happen to two Fluids, circulating in Oppoſition to each other, and acting forcibly one upon the other? Muſt they not, conſequently, confuſe and deſtroy one another? And, in this Caſe, what muſt happen to the Planets which are in the Centre of theſe different Whirlpools of Air? They would daſh and bruife themſelves one againſt the other, after having ſwam at Random in the great Fluid compos'd of all the dif-



different Vortices, which, in circulating, must be absorb'd into one another. This, alone, is sufficient to throw an inexpressible Ridicule on the System, if the Love of Novelty did not restrain Mankind from inquiring after the greatest Absurdities. There are yet many Extravagancies in this System, which are equally contradictory and difficult to be understood. First, It is visibly evident, that the Vortex of the Earth could not preserve its original Movement. Secondly, How is it possible that the Comets, those immense Bodies, could freely traverse these Tourbillons, and in every Sense, without meeting with any Obstacle that might impede their Course, or being disarranged by the Vortices, whose Directions are absolutely contrary to theirs! Again; How is it possible that (the Comets) those Torrents, of such immense Grandeur and Rapidity, should not absorb the particular Motion of a Body, which is but an Atom in Comparison to their prodigious Size? And how is it that the Comets do not determine those Bodies, by their superior Power, to follow their Course! It appears,

that Mankind are very fond of new Opinions ; since they could embrace, during almost a Century, a Philosophy, the Principles of which must necessarily establish a new Formation of Chaos."

" I see," says *Mercury*, " that you think on the Opinions of Men as sensibly as if you had read their Lot in the Book of *Destiny*." " I should be curious," says I to the God, " to see what is written on this Subject in their Book." " Willingly," reply'd he ; " there run it over intirely, and examine not only that Passage, but what ever else you wish to know." I then open'd the Book of *Destiny*, and found, that it was divided into three Parts. The first was intituled, *Chronicle of memorable Facts that have happen'd long Time before those, to whom they are attributed, had Existence*. The second was call'd, *A certain Disposition of human Actions ; by which may be seen, that Mankind have always been the Sport of the same Passions, and will be, during the Existence of the Universe*. The Title of the third Part was, *A Catalogue of Things and Men which shall be convey'd to latest Posterity*. " This," says

says I to *Mercury*, “ is the Part in which I shall find what regards the Systems and Opinions of the Philosophers.” In Effect, having turn’d over some Leaves, I fell upon a Chapter which had this Title, *The Dreams of certain Visionaries who have thought that they were believ’d, and would always be believ’d to be, the wisest and most enlighten’d of Mankind.* I beheld, in this Chapter, the Names of those antient Legislators who gave for Laws, to feeble, credulous Mortals, those Phantasies by which their Imaginations were affected. I read the Name *Lycurgus* in gross Capitals ; after which was written the Ordinances by which he permitted Theft in *Sparta*, to render the People more attentive ; Adultery, the better to People the Country ; and Indecency, and Immodesty, to excite Desires. I read, before the Name of *Lycurgus*, those of many other Lawgivers, who had neither been more sensible, nor had less Reputation than himself. I read, also, many Names, after his, whose Laws were neither more wise, nor less considerable. Some had represented the Gods to

their Disciples, as Tyrants always ready to punish the least Faults with eternal Pains and Misery: Others attributed to the Gods all the Crimes of sinful Mortals, and thereby made them so despicable, that Mankind, wicked as they are, are far more estimable than the Gods they serve. Others have introduc'd the Supreme Being into their puerile Details: They have made him regulate and ascertain the Quantity and Quality of the Food; the Days in and on which it ought to be eat. One of their capital Laws was that which establishes a direct Correspondence with the Heavens and the Stomachs of Men; other Legislators have establish'd Customs that tend only to make Men idle, insolent, and shameless; have exempted them from Labour; have directed them to pass their Lives in Indolence and Beggary; have given them ridiculous Habits, and would persuade them that this Life, which unites them, even in this World, to the Divinity; will elevate them, hereafter, much above other Men.

After



After making some Reflections on the little Esteem due to the Merit of almost all the Men who had pretended to prescribe Laws to others; I turn'd to the Article of Philosophers; and I perceiv'd, that almost all the Opinions that are adopted by those of latter Days, are little more than the moderniz'd Systems of the Ancients. The *Subtil Matter* of *Des Cartes* is no more than the fifth Element, or *Ætherial Matter* of *Aristotle*: The Opinions of *Democritus*, *Epicurus*, *Empedocles*; the occult Virtues of the *Peripatetics*, are employ'd in new Terms by the *Newtonians*: The System of *Monades*, or the *primordial Substances*, takes its Original from *Homæomeries* and *Anaxagoras*. It is true, however, that the *primordial Substances* of the ancient Philosophers are more conformable to Reason than those of the Moderns; because *Anaxagoras* suppos'd them to have Extent. It was a visionary Rabbin who, in the seventh Century, depriv'd these primordial Particles of their Extent. I also read the Names of *Leibnitz*, *Wolf*, and of the sprightly and charming Marchioness *Du Châtelet*, in

Conjunction with that of one of the Disciples of the *Talmud*\*.

I was wishing to read the Names and Opinions of those Philosophers who shall write hereafter ; but the *Destinies* had not yet thrown over the Page, which contain'd their Memoirs, the Liquor which blackens, and renders legible, the Ink with which they are written. *Mercury*, suggesting my Desire, said to me, " Will not what you have seen and examin'd, of so many Ages past, instruct you, without consulting what is to come, the Lot of future Systems? They must be compos'd, and new-modell'd, from the Ancients, as well as those of the present Time. Mankind have but a certain Number of Ideas ;

\* The Body of the *Hebrew Law* ; a Compilation or Expositions of the Duties impos'd on that People, either in Scripture, or by Tradition, or by Authority of their Doctors, or by Custom, or by Superstition. To speak more plainly, it is the Course of Cases of Conscience, or of Moral Theology, wherein the Duties are explain'd, and the Doubts clear'd, not by Reasoning, but generally by Authority, by the Custom of the Nation, and by the Decisions of the most approv'd of their ancient Doctors.  
*Chambers.*

and

and all that they can do is, merely to express them different Ways; when, at the Bottom, they are all the same."

"I am," answer'd I, "fully persuaded of the Truth of what you say. For if there were Men who had a greater Number of Ideas than were ever in the Understandings of those who preceded them, during so many Ages: It must be because these Men are made differently from the others; that their Brains were better dispos'd, compos'd of Fibres more firm or delicate, or replenish'd with a greater Quantity of animal Spirits. But this happens not; for Nature has but one certain Composition, or Dough, which she varies differently, and of which is created Men, Animals, Plants. The Trees are neither larger nor smaller than they were formerly; nor are the Lions or Tigers more or less fierce or thirsty of Blood than they have been during these five Thousand Years: Even so the Men of these Days perfectly resemble those who liv'd in the earlier Ages. Nature has not form'd *Newton*, *Des Cartes*, *Malebranche*, or any others of a finer or more delicate Composition than  
that

that whereof she created *Democritus*, *Epicurus*, *Plato*, or *Aristotle*. It is true, that there is, from Time to Time, some Ages which may be regarded as more enlighten'd than others; but this happens not because the Men, who liv'd in those Ages, had Ideas unknown to their Predecessors; but merely from their Opportunities of cultivating and improving their Ideas, and being permitted to produce them to Light. Thus when a learned *German* demonstrated the Existence of the *Antipodes*, he was persecuted for having said a Thing which *Plato* (a) had maintain'd tranquilly, more than twelve Centuries before. When *Galilæo* was imprison'd, and treated with the utmost Cruelty for having prov'd that the Earth turns round the Sun; he only reviv'd an Opinion supported by the ancient Philosophers; who, in that Assertion, thought not that they committed a Crime.

\* These Quotations would have been translated, if the Author's introducing them into the Thread of his Argument had not render'd it unnecessary.

(a) *Plato primus in Philosophia antipoda.* Diogen. Laërt. de Vit, & Dogm. Clarorum Philosoph. Lib. 3.

When



When *Des Cartes* was persecuted, and oblig'd to retire into *Holland*, there to ruminate and reflect coolly on the most rational Opinions of his Philosophy, which were directly opposite to the Opinions of all the Philosophers of his Time; he only reflected on Things which had been supported by *Lucretius*, sixteen Hundred Years before his Time, whose Opinion was not then imputed to him as criminal. *Des Cartes* says, that the sensible Qualities, as Smelling, Tasting, and the like, are not, by their Nature, attach'd to the Body. *Lucretius* has written the same Thing (a).” “Think not, says he, that the Principles of Things which have not

(a) *Sed ne forte putas solo spoliata colore,*

*Corpora prima manere: Etiam secreta teporis*

*Sunt, ac frigoris omnino, calidique vaporis:*

*Et sonitu sterilia & succo jejuna feruntur:*

*Nec jaciunt ullum proprio de corpore odorem*

*Propterea demum debent primordia rerum*

*Non adhibere suum gignundis rebus odorem*

*Nec sonitum, quoniam nihil ab se mittere possunt:*

*Nec simili ratione saporem denique quemquam;*

*Nec frigus, neque item calidum, tepidumque vaporem:*

*Lucret. de Rer. Nat. Lib. 2. vers. 180. & seqq.*

Co-

Colour, have other Qualities; as Cold, Heat, Sound, Moisture, Odour; how could they give to the Beings, they compose, their Colour, and their Sound; since, being solid and simple, they emanate none of these? They are likewise without Taste, without Cold, without Heat, and have not any Thing of that Nature."

"What Encomiums do they not, at this Day, give to *Des Cartes*, for overthrowing the Chimæras of scholastic Philosophy; and for having suggested, and prov'd, that all our Sensations are excited by Corpuscles, which, in other Respects, have not themselves any Qualities but the three Dimensions necessary to all Bodies? Certainly his Ideas are not new; and *Des Cartes* has only reviv'd them, nineteen Hundred Years after *Epicurus*. *Lucretius*, his Disciple, has further explain'd himself, on these Articles, very clearly."

"It is the different Manner, says he (a), by which

(a) *Hinc ubi quoque suave est aliis, aliis fit amarum.*

*Illis queis suave est, lætissimæ corpora debent*

*Contrectabiliter caulas in rure palati;*

which the Corpuscles strike the Sense, that makes us find that bitter, which another has declar'd to be sweet."

"The Explanation which *Des Cartes* has given to the Attraction of the Loadstone, of Amber, and other Bodies wherein we evidently discover an attractive Power, is new to those who are unacquainted with the ancient Philosophy: But *Lucretius* has said, the same as *Des Cartes* (a), that the magnetic Matter of the Loadstone chases from between the Iron and itself, all the Air in that Space which then collapses round the Iron and the Loadstone, and forces them to reunite."

*At contra, quibus est eadem res intus acerba :  
Aspera nimirum penetrant, hanc atque fauces :  
Nunc facile ex his est rebus cognoscere quæque.*

*Id. ibid. Lib. 4. vers. 659, & seqq.*

(a) *Principio, fluere e lapide hoc per multa necesse est.*

*Semina, sive æstam, qui discutit æra plagis :*

*Inter qui lapidem, ferrumque est cumque locatus*

*Aer a tergo quasi provebat atque propellat ;*

*Trudit & impellit, quasi navim velaque ventus.*

*Id. ibid. Lib. 6. vers. 1000, & seqq.*

The

The same *Lucretius* has said of Light, precisely the same Thing as *Newton*. That *English* Philosopher would demonstrate, that the Light of the Earth is transmitted from the Sun(a); and that the Corpuscles detach'd from luminous Bodies, and which traverse the Space of a surprising Extent, convey, in a few Moments, the Impressions of Light, *Lucretius* teaches us, that this was the Opinion of *Epicurus*(b)." It is certain, *says he*, that there are Things which owe their Swiftneſs to the Legerity or Minuteneſs of their Nature, as the Light and the Heat of the Sun; which are compos'd of Atoms ex-

(a) *Rejicientur simul hypotheses ex quibus lumen in pressu vel motu per istius medium propagato consistere fingitur — corpuscula e corporibus lucentibus emissa.* Optic. *Newton*. pag. 314, & 315.

(b) *Principio persæpe levis res atque minutis.  
Corporibus factas, celeres licet esse videre.  
In quo jam genere est solis lux, & vapor ejus  
Propterea quia sunt e primis facta minutis  
Quæ quasi cudentur, perque aeris intervallum  
Non dubitant transire sequenti concita plaga.  
Suppeditatur enim confestim lumine lumen  
Et quasi protelo stimulaturs folgure folgur.*

*Id. ibid. Lib. 4. vers. 183, & seqq.*

tremely



tremely subtil, which easily pervade all the Interstices of the Air; insomuch that, in an Instant, one Light is perpetuated by another Light; and that the Rays are always protruded and press'd by new Rays. Concerning the Origin of Rivers and Fountains, certain ancient Philosophers have had precisely the same Ideas as the best Philosophers of our Days(a). According to *Seneca*, the Fountains and Rivers come from the Sea by unknown and subterraneous Passages, and returns again to the same Original. The Circulation of the Blood, that famous Discovery, of which we suppose the Ancients had no Idea, was not intirely unknown to the same *Latin* Philosopher. He says, in

(a) *Quidam existimant terram, quidquid aquarum emisit, rursus accipere: & ob hoc maria non crescere, quia quod influxit, non in suum vertunt, sed protinus redeunt. Occulto enim itinere subit terras, & palam venit, secreto revertitur, colaturque in transitu mare: quod per multiplices anfractus terrarum verberatum, amaritudinem ponit & pravitatem saporis in tanta soli varietate exuit & in sinceram aquam transit. L. Ann. Senec. Nat. Quæst. Lib. 3. Cap. 5.*

his

his *Natural Questions* (a), that while the vital Spirits, which enrich the Blood, circulate

(a) *Etiamnum & illud accedit his argumentis, per quod appareat motum effici spiritu, quod corpora quoque nostra non aliter tremunt, quam si spiritum aliqua causa conturbat: cum timore contractus est, cum senectute languescit, & venis torpentibus marcet, cum frigore inhibetur, aut accessionem cursu suo dejicitur. Nam quamdiu sine injuria perfluit & ex more procedit, nullus est tremor corpori. Cum aliquid occurrit quod inhibeat ejus officium, tunc parum potens perferendis his quæ suo vigore tenebat, deficiens concutit, quid integer tulerat. Id. ibid. Lib. 6. Cap. 18.*

The same Seneca explains himself still more precisely in another Passage, where he compares the Veins and Arteries to the Passages, and the Blood to the subterraneous Waters. According to him, the Blood runs, in its Conduits, as the Waters in their proper Channels, which arises from the Sea, and returns again to its Source. These are his Words :

*Placet natura regi terram; & quidem ad nostrorum corporum exemplar, in quibus & vena sunt & arteriæ: Illæ sanguinis, hæ spiritus receptacula. In terra quoque sunt alia itinera, per quæ aqua; & alia per quæ spiritus currit: Adeoque illam ad similitudinem humanorum corporum natura formavit, ut Majores nostri aquarum appellarerint venas. Id. ibid. Lib. 3. Cap. 15. Plato has said the same Thing many Ages before Seneca. Nature, according to that Greek Philosopher, takes Care that the Blood may run freely in the Veins, and return by*

culate without Obstruction, the Body is not subject to Tremblings; *i. e.* Diseases. How could *Seneca* say, that the vital Spirits circulate, if the Blood itself was not circulated, but damm'd up all the Passages?

The modern Physiologists brag of having by them to its Source. *Neque*, says he, *si crassior sit, (sanguis) ad motum fiat ineptior atque ægre per venas fluat & refluat.* *Plato in Timao*, pag. 537. In another Passage he says, that Diseases commonly happen from the Alteration of the Blood which moves in the Veins, quicker or slower than it ought to do according to the ordinary Laws of the Circulation. *Quæ omnia sanguinem ipsum imprimis perimunt, & feruntur passim per venas nullo prorsus naturalis circuitus ordine observato.* *Plat. in Tim.* pag. 572. The Circulation of the Blood was known almost two Thousand Years before *Plato*; for it is four Thousand since it was not only known to the *Chinese*, but that they have fix'd the Time of its intire Revolution to the Space of two Hundred and Seventy Respirations. *Sanguinis circulationem — jam à quatuor mille & pluribus annis scribis notam fuisse testantur illorum libri — revolutiones vero singulas metiuntur 270 respirationibus.* *Isac. Vossii, Var. Observ. Lib. de Magnit. Sinarum*, pag. 71, 72. What our Author says on this Subject, is undoubtedly true: But it is our Countryman *Harvey* who was the first, we know of, that positively ascertain'd its certain Circulation in the two Systems of Vessels, Veins and Arteries.

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ing made that great Discovery of the Cause of the Flux and Reflux of the Sea. They have observ'd what Connexion there is between the Movements of the Sea and of the Moon: They have found, that the daily Movements of the Moon are conformable to those of the Sea; that the Moon retards every Day, and the Sea every Month: At the New and Full of the Moon, at least a little Time after, the Sea increases more than ordinary; the Flux diminishes when the Moon approaches her Quadratures, and augments when she returns against the Conjunctions or Oppositions: When the Moon is most remote from the Earth, the Sea is lowest; and, when she is nearer, is much higher: The Time of the greatest Tide happens a few Days after the Equinoxes, or when the Sun and Moon appear to unite in the Equator. These Observations are very fine, 'tis true; but how can we say, that the modern Philosophers were the first that made them, (a) when *Pliny* has recited

(a) *Et de aquarum natura complura dicta sunt: Sed æflus maris accedere & reciprocari maximo mirum: Pluribus*



recited them all? And that we may find them written, at Length, in the Ninety-seventh Chapter of the Second Book of his *Natural History*?

The Moderns affirm, that the Moon is a great deal less than the Earth; that it is an opaque Body, that owes its Light to the Sun; that it is not impossible that the Moon may be inhabited; that it has Mountains, Hollows, and Valleys, and Passages that reflect more or less Light; that she rotates upon her own Axis. *Plutarch*, after other Philosophers his Predecessors, has said all these fine Things (*b*).

Our

*ribus quidem modis, verum causa in Sole Lunaque: Bis inter duos exortus Lunæ affluunt bisque remeant, vicenis quaternisque semper horis, & primum attollente se cum ea mundo intumescentes, mox a Meridiano Cæli fastigio vergente in Occasum residentes: Rursusque ab Occasu super Cæli ima, & Meridiano contraria accedente, inundantes: Hinc donec iterum exoriatur, se sorbentes — multiplex etiamnum lunaris differentia, primumque septenis diebus. Quippe modici nova ad dividuam æstus, plenior ab ea exundant, plenaque maxime fervent: Inde mitescunt — duobus Æquinoctiis maxime tumentes & Autumnali amplius quam Verno. Plin. Hist. Nat. Lib. 2. Cap. 97.*

(*b*) On doit lire, pour savoir ce que les Anciens ont pensé de la Lune, le *Traité de Plutarque*, qui est intitulé:

Our modern Physiologists pique themselves, also, on having render'd great Service to Mankind, in delivering them from their ridiculous Fear on the Appearance of Comets; and in teaching us, that those luminous Bodies, which were once thought to presage the greatest Evils, are Stars that have their regular Courses in their Orbits as the Planets in theirs. But if the Men, who liv'd in the Time of *Seneca*, had attended to his Lessons, he had done them the same Service. For he says expressly the same Thing as our modern Philosophers." "We have seen, *says he*, (a) in the seventh Book of his *Natural Questions*,

intitulé : *De la Face que l'on voit dans le rond de la Lune.* Ce Traité est à la pag. 614. de la Traduction des Oeuvres de *Plutarque* par *Amiot*.

(a) *Quare ergo per longum tempus apparet, & non cito exstinguitur? Sex enim mensibus hic; quem nos Neronis Principatu lætissimo vidimus; spectandum se præbuit, in diversum illi Claudiani circumactus. Ille enim a septentrione in verticem surgens, Orientem petiit semper obscurior: Hic ab eadem parte cæpit, sed in Occidentem tendens, ad Meridiem flexit, & ibi se subduxit oculis. Senec. Quæst. Nat. Lib. 7. Cap. 21.*

*Ego nostris non assentior. Non enim existimo cometæ subitaneum ignem, sed inter æterna opera naturæ. Primum*

*Questions*, during the Reign of Nero a Comet, for the Space of six Months, making a different Tour than that which appear'd in the Reign of *Claudius*; rising on the Side of the Septentrion against the Orient, and appearing always more obscure. The other parted from the same Quarter drawing towards the Occident, turn'd itself

*num quæcumque aer creat, brevia sunt. Nascuntur enim in re fugaci & mutabili. Quomodo potest enim aer aliquid idem diu permanere, cum ipse aer numquam idem maneat? Fluit semper, & brevis illi quies est, intra exiguum momentum in alium quam in quo fuerat, statum vertitur. Nunc pluvius, nunc serenus, nunc inter utrumque varius: Nubesque illi familiarissimæ, in quas coit, & ex quibus solvit, modo congregantur, modo digeruntur: Numquam immotæ jacent. Fieri non potest ut ignis certus in corpore vago sedeat & ita pertinaciter hæreat, quam quem natura ne umquam excuteretur aptavit. Id. ibid. Cap. 22.*

*Ait cometen non unum ex multis erraticos effici, sed multos cometas erraticos esse. Non est, inquit, species falsa, nec duarum stellarum confinio ignis extensus; sed & proprium sidus cometes est, sicut solis aut lunæ—Cæterum non est illi palam cursus: Altiora mundi secatur: Et tunc demum apparet cum in imum cursus sui venit—Multi varique sunt, dispares magnitudine, dissimiles colore:—Hi minuunt augentque lumen suum, quemadmodum alia sidera: Quæ clariora, cum descendere sunt, majora ex loco propiore visantur; minora cum redeunt, & obscuriora quia obducunt se longius. Id. ibid. Cap. 17.*

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against

against the South, where it disappear'd. I cannot agree, with the *Stoics*, that Comets are fiery Bodies, illuminated all at once: On the contrary, I believe them to be of the eternal Works of Nature. For all that is ingender'd of the Air, is of short Duration: Nor is it possible, that a Thing should subsist, for any Length of Time, in the Air, which is not itself always in the same State. It glides along incessantly, and is never in a State of Rest: It changes in a Moment, into that which it was not, but an Instant before. Sometimes it is rainy, sometimes serene, others variable: The Clouds which it forms, amass themselves, unite, separate, extend, and never remain in a fix'd State. It is therefore impossible, that a Fire can be assur'd and certain, on a Body so errant and inconstant; and that it should be there attach'd, as are those that Nature has plac'd in a fix'd and determinate Station. A Comet therefore, is not a false Image, nor a Fire of two Stars which expands itself on its Neighbour: It is properly a Star, as are the Sun and the Moon. Its Course is not yet perfectly known: It

runs



runs over the highest Regions of the Sky, and appears not to us but when it is arriv'd at the lowest Period of its Course. There are Comets of many different Colours, and different Grandeur: Some diminish and augment their Lights, as do the Stars, which are most clear when they set; and appear greatest when they are most near, and less, and more obscure when they rise, because they are then remoter from our View. But, say they who think that Mankind knew scarcely any Thing till these latter Ages; *to know that Comets are Stars, is but a trifling Matter, in Regard to the observing the Returns of any one: And there are modern Astronomers who have done this.* They have done nothing but what has been done before, by the *Egyptians*(a), three Thousand Years ago.

I could easily shew, that there are other similar Opinions of the Philosophers, besides those I mention. I confess, that certain Instruments, which we have made

(a) *Cometarumque ortus prædicebant (Ægyptii).* Diod. Sic. Lib. 1. Part 2.

during these latter Times, have made us acquainted with many Things that the *Greeks* and the *Romans* had not seen: But who can say, that the *Egyptians*, the *Babylonians*, and other more ancient People, had not Knowledge of the same Instruments, which might be lost in the Succession of Time? When Printing was first found out in *Europe*, we persuaded ourselves, that that Invention had, till then, been unknown to all the Universe: But we find in the Sequel, that it has been known, more than two Thousand Years, to the *Chinese*. And who knows, if the *Chinese* did not receive it from some *Indian* People, who, in the Course of Years, have lost the Art; and have now no further Knowledge of it than we have of the Secret of painting on Glass, which is intirely lost in *Europe* (a). The Arts and Sciences expire, revive, and change Situ-

(a) This Art has been reviv'd by an ingenious Artist of our own Country; but, it is to be fear'd, will again be lost; as he will not instruct any one in his Art. Some Specimens of his Work are to be seen in the Parish Church of *St. Andrew Halborne*.

ations,

ations, by the Revolutions and Length of Time. It is four Thousand Years since they calculated, in *China*, the Eclipses of the Sun<sup>(a)</sup>. If that Country had been wholly devastated, as some others have been, we should be persuaded that the *Babylonians* and *Chaldeans* were the first Astronomers; and we should have had no Knowledge that Astronomy had been cultivated before them, by other Men, who had only proceeded just to the Point of calculating an Eclipse. The same may be said of *Microscopes*, *Telescopes*, and other Instruments, of which we believe ourselves the Inventors; it must necessarily be, that, in the immense Extent of Ages that are elaps'd, Men have sometimes lost, and sometimes recover'd, all that we now-a-days regard as intirely of our own Age: And I am thoroughly convinc'd, that the only true and undoubted Axiom is, *that the Sun sees not,*

(a) See the *History of China*, by Father *Du Halde*, and other Writers who have spoken of *China*. Consult, especially, those who have been there, and wrote not before they were well acquainted with them.

nor ever will see, in his Course, any Thing new to him."

"You are in the right," says *Mercury*; "and I, that am a God cotemporary with *Apollo*, and of nearly the same Age, can assure you, that I have never seen any Thing new, since I arriv'd at the Age of Reason; and have receiv'd in Heaven the virile Robe. For while I was yet in my Infancy, and my Mother *Maii* educated me on Mount *Cylene*, in *Arcadia*; all that struck my Senses, for the first Time in the Universe, appear'd to me new and surprising: Time, and the Company of other Gods, cur'd me of my Prejudices; and *Jupiter* found me worthy of the universal Superintendence of *Eloquence* and *Commerce*: He added, to my other Qualifications, the Knowledge of expert Thievery. Therefore, being no less the God of *Theft*, than of *Eloquence* and *Trade*, to unite all my Subjects, and render their Manners uniform, I have made all Advocates and Merchants become as great Rogues as I could. *Jove* would also make me the Negotiator of his secret Plea-



Pleasures; and, to give an honourable Name to this Employment, he gave me the Commission of *Messenger to the Gods*. Since that Time, the Princes of the Earth, who are the Images and Representatives of the Gods, have imitated the Example of my Father *Jupiter*; and hesitate not to decorate, with pompous Titles, those who occupy, under them, the same Employments which I exercise on *Olympus*. But I forget, while I am talking with you, that I must go to convey to the Shades a Number of Souls, who wait but for me to quit their corporeal Prisons: This is another of the Attributes of my Office. It is I that convey the Souls among the Dead, and occasionally draw them from thence.” “But tell me,” said I to *Mercury*, “do you really ever take any Souls out of the Shades, to convey them into the Light of Heaven?” “My Friend,” answer’d the God, “that has yet never happen’d: But it is necessary, in the mean Time, to persuade Mankind that I have that Power: For should they know that in Reality, I can do them not even a single Benefit after their Death; the Re-

lations that survive them would make no Libations ; not a single Sacrifice would be offer'd on their Tombs : And on what must the Priests of the Gods of the *Manes* live ? and indeed, of all the other Divinities, to whom Mortals only pray that their Souls may be favourably receiv'd, and soon elevated from the Empire of *Pluto* ? I myself should lose a great deal, were Mortals to be made thus wise.”

“ I understand you,” said I ; “ Half of your Honours are only founded on the false Ideas which Men have of your Power and Credit. The same Things that would diminish the Profits of the Priests of the *Manes*, would also infinitely diminish the Ideas which we entertain of your mighty Power ; therefore you make a common Cause with them. You resemble those Courtiers, who attract the Attentions, and Respects, which we pay them only from the Prepossession of their great Credit ; when, at the Bottom, they have really but very little. If we would but endeavour to discover that which they conceal with the utmost Art and Precaution, all their Grandeur would vanish in an Instant.”

“ I

“ I love much to hear you prate, Mr. Philosopher,” replies *Mercury*; “ but I am oblig’d, however, to quit you.” “ But, good *Mercury*,” said I, “ stay yet one Moment: I beg you will suffer me to overlook a little of the third Part of that Book of *Fate*.” “ Willingly,” replies the God of *Eloquence*; “ but make Haste; for I have no Time to spare.” To make good Use of the little Time allow’d me, I began to examine the Catalogue of Heroes destin’d to live eternally with the Gods, and enjoy, as they do, Immortality. I saw the Names of all those *Greek* and *Roman* Generals who depopulated and destroy’d the Western Empire; I saw also the Names of the *Tartar*, *Scythian*, and *Turkish* Generals, who conquer’d the *Greeks* of the eastern Nations; in short, I found, in this Catalogue, the Names of all the great Men of every Nation, and of every Age.

But I was astonish’d at the Manner in which this Catalogue was written: The Name of each Hero occupied the Top of a Page, and their principal Actions were underwritten: The Back of the same  
Page

Page contain'd the History of some inconsiderable Person, and always one of a very indifferent Merit, oftener of none at all, and such as had been very despicable, either for the Crimes they had committed, or suffer'd to be committed; or for their Sentiments. Surpris'd at a Thing which appear'd to me so ridiculous, I demanded of *Mercury* the Reason. How is it possible, says I, that the *Destinies* should place in their Book, at the Side of the greatest Heroes, a Company of miserable Fanatics, Rascals, and Idiots?

“ The *Destinies*, ” reply'd *Mercury*, “ make no Distinctions of Men; to them all are equal: And, consequently, they insert indifferently, in their Catalogue, all that are to enjoy Immortality; and are to be, or have been, respected by a Multitude of Men. Those People whom you think despicable, and who really are so, have been, nevertheless, esteem'd as very illustrious Persons, and have had, and perhaps still have, a great Number of Partizans, their Names will be convey'd to the latest Posterity; and many of them have, at this Time, an infinite



finite Number of Admirers and Reverers, more than *Alcibiades*, *Scipio*, or *Tamerlane*. Therefore condemn not the Order observ'd in the Catalogue; rather condemn the Folly of Mankind, who are, indeed, the only Cause; and who honour, and often deify, those who ought to be abhorr'd, and condemn'd to an eternal Obloquy."

I return'd no Answer: For what *Mercury* had said to me, appear'd very reasonable. I continu'd, therefore, to run over the Catalogue, and consider, with a new Surprise, the Names of those who occupied the Back of the Leaves on which were written the Actions of the greatest Heroes. I read, at the Back of *Pompey the Great*, the History of a vile *Gladiator* call'd *Spartacus*: Behind that of *Julius Caesar* was a Taylor, who irritated the *Gauls*: Behind those of *Constantine*, and his Sons, I read the Names, and the Disputes, of certain Priests, who excited in all *Europe* the most cruel Disputes. I consider'd with Astonishment, on the Back of the Page which contain'd the glorious Actions of the Emperor *Charles*  
the

*the Fifth*, the Name and Manners of a Monk \* who left his Convent, chang'd the Face of Religion in *Germany* and the North, and occasion'd many Millions of Men to perish in a Civil War: *Francis the First* was no better accompanied. This Prince, so good, so open, so generous and brave, had, for his Associate, a Canon (of *Noyon*, in *Picardy*;) learned, eloquent; but bilious, vain, splenetic, and vindictive: Who, retiring to *Geneva*, persecuted, and caus'd to be burnt, those who were not of his Opinion (*a*); tho', at the same Time, he wrote with great Vehemence and Passion against Persecution; and plung'd his native Country in the Horrors of a fatal Dissention. On the Backs of the Pages occupied by many other great Men, I read also the Names of *Fools*, of ignorant *Mendicants*, *Monks*, and false Prophets of the CROISADE (*b*).

Lewis

\* An *Augustine* Friar of *Wittenberg* in *Saxony*.

(*a*) *Michael Servetus* was, at the Instigation of this Canon, burnt at *Geneva*, Anno 1555. He was the Leader of a Subdivision from his Persecutor's Sect.

(*b*) A holy War, or an Expedition against Infidels and Heretics; particularly, against the *Turks*, for the

Reco-

*Lewis the Fourteenth*, that Prince whose Memory will be always dear to every honest *Frenchman*; who has rais'd the Glory of his Name, and State, to the highest Pitch, had, on the Back of his Page, the crafty Jesuit *La Chaisse* (a), and the Bishop *Jansenius* (b). The first has given *France* a deadly Wound, which yet bleeds, by exiling the Protestants; the latter prepar'd new Disputes to divide, a second Time, the Kingdom. Behind the Page of *Lewis the Fifteenth* I read the Name of the *Abbé Paris* (c). This good King, the Love of his Subjects, who vanquishes his Enemies, and is, nevertheless, esteem'd and belov'd by them;

Recovery of *Palestine*. To these *Croisades* Multitudes of People formerly flock'd, on Principles of Devotion, the Pope's Bull, and the preaching of the Priests of those Days making it appear a Point of Conscience.

(a) Confessor to *Lewis the Fourteenth*, a furious Persecutor of the Protestants.

(b) *Cornelius Jansen*, commonly call'd *Jansenius*. Vid. Vision VI.

(c) A Man remarkable for his Enthusiasm and extravagant Charities; who refus'd, on his Death-bed, to receive the Sacraments, as unworthy of them. A reputed Saint of the Populace.

had,

had, at the Back of his Page, a Fanatic whom mad Men had chosen for their Patron. *Frederic*, King of *Prussia*, Conqueror, in five Battles, over a Confederacy of Enemies united against him: *Frederic*, whose Understanding is as profound as his Courage is great; has for his Comrade, in Immortality, the visionary *Zinzindorff* (a), Chief of the *Peitestes*, who forbid War, on any Pretext whatever; and would make Men Slaves to the first that should attack or invade them, by imposing on them, as a capital Law, that they should not take up Arms, even to defend their Country.

After having read the Names of those great Kings, I found the Histories of all the celebrated ancient and modern Generals: Among the latter I observ'd, that the Names of *Turenne*, *Luxembourg*, *Conde*, *Villars*, *Eugene*, *Marlborough*, and *Saxe*, were written in large Characters; I saw, also, those of *Belleisle*, of *Cogni*, *Schewrin*, and *Cumberland*; under which Name was an Eulogium on the Bravery, Prudence,

(a) *Moravians.*



and Magnanimity, of that Prince. I perceiv'd, also, the Name of the unfortunate *Edward*, with these Words at the Side; *a Prince whose Courage and Virtues deserv'd a better Lot.*

I afterwards look'd over the Names of many People, who had not yet commanded an Army in Chief, but were intitled, by their Birth and Valour, to command hereafter. I was charm'd, for the Honour of Learning and Science, to see that, in the Eulogiums written under each Name, many were equally prais'd for their Courage and Understanding; among the Names thus doubly destin'd to Immortality, I read those of *Richelieu*, of *d'Acquien*, of *Bouffleur*, of *Nivernois*, of *Souvre*, of *Guerchi*, of *Derronville*, and some of every different Nation: Those of *Chesterfield*, of *Still*, and *Slipenbach*, were amongst them. I saw, also, the Names of some who dy'd too soon for the Glory of their Country, and the Advancement of Arts: Among these was written, in gross Characters, the Name of the Duke of *Mortimer*.

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There were, also, in this Book, the Names of the most eminent Ministers of State: The Number of them was however, much smaller than I could have imagin'd. Amongst them I read the Names of *Richelieu*, *Mazerine*, *Walpole*, *Ormea*, *Chanvelli*, *Fagells*, *Teucin*, *Argenson*, and *Maurépas*.

I then turn'd to the Article of eminent Writers, and perceiv'd, with Pleasure, that the Public conform their Taste pretty nearly to the Decrees of the *Destinies*. I found none, amongst the Authors who were decreed the Honour of Immortality, but such as the Public had alloted it to. All those Writers, supported by Cabals, protected by great Lords, approv'd by Authors who had particular Reasons for praising of them; all these Writers were excluded the Book of *Fate*: I saw none there but such as had a true Merit. There was, in this Chapter, an Article intitul'd, *The seven modern Sages of the Republic of Letters*. Curious to know who were these seven Sages, and not in the least doubting that they were seven Doctors of the *Sorbonne*, or seven *Academicians*;

*micians* ; I was much surpris'd, when I found they were neither the one, nor the other : And when I saw that, to make up the Number of these Sages, they had been oblig'd to collect seven Writers of different Nations, I was still more astonish'd. They were, *Petrarch, Erasmus, Montaigne, Gassendi, Bayle, Locke, and Grætius*. I read, underneath their Names, these Words ; “ these seven great Men, have join'd to an extensive Education, a great deal of Spirit, a great deal of Wisdom, a great deal of Probity, a great deal of Modesty, a great deal of Diffidence of their own Talents, and a great deal of Precaution in speaking their Sentiments on Subjects they thought difficult to illustrate. They have each, in their Way, been almost superior to human Nature ; but they have not been so vain, as to carry their Subjects too far : In this more wise than many other great Men, both ancient and modern, who would attempt to comprehend the Reason of Things which their own Reason might convince them could not be known by feeble

feeble Mortals. They have doubted, till they have believ'd the Doubt wiser than the Assertion."

After the List of Men of Letters, follow'd those celebrated for Arts; after a long List of more ancient Candidates for Immortality, in this Rank, follow'd the Names of *Raphael, Carracchi, Correge, Le Brun, Le Sener, Paussin, Natour, Carlos Vanlo, Caze, and Reine*. Those of *Smitz, and Drevest*, were beside those of *Edelins* and *Andrans*; those of *Rameaux* and *Mondouville* accompanied those of *Lulli* and *Campia*; that of *Hasse* was with that of *Vinci*; the amiable and celebrated *Salimboni*, the famous *Farinelli*, were plac'd after *Orpheus* and *Amphion*; and I read, with the Names of *Corelli* and *Tartini*, those of *Le Clerc* and *Guinon*.

After having examin'd the Book of *Fate* for some Time longer, an Emotion of Self-love prompted me to examine if I could no-where find my own Name. I search'd; and, at last, cast my Eyes upon it. But I learnt, from what was  
written



written under it, that, that Immortality would cost me so much Chagrin and Embarrassment, that the Grief, it excited in me, awak'd me with Horror: And thus my Dream, and my Immortality, were concluded together.

*F I N I S.*

